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REVIEWS

Standard Novels and Romances. In monthly volumes, with plates.

No. I. *The Pilot.* London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

THIS work is announced as a "Companion to the Waverley Novels," and if it be carefully attended to in the summer and autumn of its life, nor "unbesem the promise of its spring," we know of no work of recent announcement that deserves so hearty an encouragement from the great body of English readers. It has been said, that from novels and romances more may be learned than from direct works of history and grave morality; and certainly, the passions and manners of mankind are reflected in these enchanting mirrors with a dazzling fidelity. In good novels and romances, the customs of countries, the transitions of character, the very peculiarities and changes of dress, are curiously preserved; and the imperishable spirit which surrounds and keeps them for the use of posterity, renders the rarities ever fresh and green. We much regret that the plan of this publication does not embrace the immortal works of Fielding and Smollett—for there life is laid down as in a map; and a library of standard novels and romances without them, is lamentably incomplete: it is "a garden with all flowers, except the rose." We must, however, take the good the gods, or Messrs. Colburn & Bentley, provide us, and be grateful: and we are indeed grateful for this fresh addition to the store of cheap and good literature, and it affords us much pleasure to be able to say in perfect sincerity a fair word for one of the Library schemes which has originated in Burlington Street. We are supposed by some persons to be markedly hostile to Messrs. Colburn & Bentley—and we have for some time felt annoyed that those publishers should have perseveringly withheld from us the means of showing that our antipathy was not to persons, but to unquestionably bad books. The present opportunity is therefore particularly agreeable to our feelings, as it permits us very honestly and very openly to vindicate ourselves from the charge of improper hostility. The novels and romances now promised, must be indeed standard works, and, attention being strictly paid to this point, we have no hesitation in declaring the projected publication to be one entitled to the extensive patronage of the public. The first volume looks well in its clothes; but the paper might be a *little* better, and the type a trifle the clearer. Success, however, will justify, and probably ensure a greater liberality in these matters.

Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Strait, to co-operate with the Polar Expeditions. Under the Command of Capt. F. W. Beechey.

[Second Notice.]

Capt. Beechey's work is worthy of that high place to which it aspires. It is full of valuable information for the man of science and geographer, as well as interesting and animated descriptions for the general reader;—but on this point we shall have more to say hereafter. Before presenting our readers with extracts from the work, we think it well to lay before them a brief sketch of the circumstances which led to this voyage.

After the attempts of Capt. (now Sir Edward) Parry, to discover a north-west passage to Behring's Strait, had been defeated in the strait which he named after his ships, the *Fury* and *Hecla*, the most sanguine hopes were entertained by him, of making his way along the American shore, by passing down Prince Regent's Inlet. With these hopes he sailed in the summer of 1824, and expected on the ensuing one to be on the American coast. Capt. (now Sir John) Franklin, had also returned from his perilous journey to the Arctic Sea, down the Copper-mine River, and was equally desirous of again visiting that part of the world, to complete the survey of the coast from the mouth of the M'Kenzie River to Behring's Strait. On this expedition he set out in the early part of 1825. In order to assist these great undertakings, Capt. Beechey was appointed to the *Blossom* and directed to be in Behring's Strait in the summer of 1826, at which time it was reasonably expected that Parry and Franklin might both reach there. The former of these expeditions terminated with the loss of one of the ships, the latter in leaving only 146 miles of the coast to be discovered.

Fully equipped, and prepared for the distant voyage, Capt. Beechey sailed in the spring of 1825. Although his principal object was to assist the Polar Expeditions, still there were many interesting points to which his attention was directed, as lying nearly in his way. The mass of growing islands in the Pacific Ocean were but little known, and they had been but partially visited or described by former navigators. Nor were other objects relating to geography on the north-west coast of America less important; and the opportunity of contributing to our knowledge on these points, as well as their natural history, was entrusted to Capt. Beechey, who has proved himself well qualified for the difficult and arduous task.

The *Blossom* soon reached the Pacific Ocean, where the first part of his instructions were put in force at Easter Island.

The visit to this Island proved to be less agreeable than might have been anticipated

from the extracts we gave, exclusively, in our last paper.

Fortunately, the precaution of arming the boats had been adopted, and they at length effected a landing among a multitude of natives, some of whom "helped the party over the rocks with one hand while they picked their pockets with the other." The natives of Easter Island are notorious for their hostile character, and their anxiety for the visitors to land, seemed to proceed from a desire to get them into their power. A misunderstanding shortly took place, which ended in the death of one of the chiefs, who had taken the most active part in producing it. As there was nothing of sufficient importance to detain him there, Capt. Beechey immediately quitted for the next island in the Archipelago, he was directed to explore, and visited Ducie and Elizabeth Islands in succession, both of which are uninhabited.

The eventful history of Pitcairn Island, with which every one is acquainted, could not fail to invest it with a more than ordinary degree of interest in the minds of Capt. Beechey and his officers. As it appeared on the horizon, and was gradually approached, that interest was increased by the expectation of shortly seeing the patriarch Adams, and his little community—he who was then the only survivor of the ill-fated mutineers of the *Bounty*. Nor were they long in suspense. A boat instead of a canoe, as had been anticipated, containing Adams, and all the young men of the island, was quickly by the side of the ship:—

"Before they ventured to take hold of the ship, they inquired if they might come on board, and, upon permission being granted, they sprang up the side and shook every officer by the hand, with undisguised feelings of gratification.

"The activity of the young men outstripped that of old Adams, who was consequently almost the last to greet us. He was in his sixty-fifth year, and was unusually strong and active for his age, notwithstanding the inconvenience of considerable corpulency. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers, and a low-crowned hat, which he instinctively held in his hand until desired to put it on. He still retained his sailor's gait, doffing his hat and smoothing down his bald forehead whenever he was addressed by the officers.

"It was the first time he had been on board a ship of war since the mutiny, and his mind naturally reverted to scenes that could not fail to produce a temporary embarrassment, heightened, perhaps by the familiarity with which he found himself addressed by persons of a class with those whom he had been accustomed to obey. Apprehension for his safety formed no part of his thoughts: he had received too many demonstrations of the good feeling that existed towards him, both on the part of the British government and of individuals, to entertain any alarm on that head; and as every person endeavoured to set his mind at rest, he very soon made himself at home." p. 49-50.

The simple narrative, given by the old man, of all the circumstances relating to the mutiny on board the *Bounty*, and the manner in which his companions successively perished, will be read with much interest; and still more the proofs of the excellent manner in which he had brought up his own children as well as theirs—the description of the settlement—of Christian's Cave, and the account of the intrepidity of his son. It will ever prove a source of gratification to Captain Beechey that, as Adams has since died, chance directed him to the island in time to administer to his comforts, as well as those of his colony; that he was enabled to enrich his work with the genuine account of a transaction which has long been disguised to the world, and a well-executed likeness of the old man, whose virtuous principle was, that "without example precept will have but little effect." It is impossible to peruse the account of the parting from these simple-hearted people without feelings of emotion, and wishing that their innocent minds may never be corrupted in that intercourse with the world of which they are so desirous. The population of the island consists of sixty-six persons.

After an unpleasant encounter with the natives of the Gambier islands, the following account is given of one of those who ventured to the ship:—

"No person came on board that night; but daylight had scarcely dawned when one of the natives paddled off to the ship upon a small katamaran: he was quite naked, and had only a pole and a paddle on the raft. For a considerable time he hesitated to come alongside; but on our assuring him, in the Otaheitan language, we were his friends, he was persuaded to make the attempt. After a little further conciliation, he made his raft fast by a rope that was thrown to him, and ascended the side of the ship, striking her several times with his fist, and examining her at every step. His surprise on reaching the deck was beyond all description; he danced, capered, and threw himself into a variety of attitudes, accompanying them with vehement exclamations; and entered into conversation with every person, not suspecting that his language was unintelligible; and was so astonished at all he saw that his attention wandered from object to object without intermission. He very willingly accepted every present that was offered to him, and having satisfied himself of our friendly disposition, hastened on shore to his companions, who were collected in great numbers upon the low point, anxiously awaiting his return. The report which he gave was undoubtedly of a favourable nature, as several katamarans, laden with visitors, immediately pushed off, and came fearlessly alongside." p. 107-8.

The ship was accordingly filled with natives, and all the vigilance of officers and men required to prevent their stealing. We cannot resist quoting the following account of their mode of salutation. After landing on one of the islands, Captain Beechey says:—

"We were there joined by some of our visitors who had been on board the ship, who reminded us of our former acquaintance, and greeted us with a hearty rub of their noses against ours. This salutation, it was thought by some of us, sealed a friendship between the parties; but we had not sufficient opportunity of ascertaining whether it was considered inviolable. The manner of effecting this friendly compact is worthy of description. The lips are drawn inward between the teeth, the nostrils are distended, and the lungs are widely inflated;

with this preparation, the face is pushed forward, the noses brought into contact, and the ceremony concludes with a hearty rub, and a vehement exclamation or grunt: and in proportion to the warmth of feeling, the more ardent and disagreeable is the salutation." p. 111.

On their visit to the ship, one of the natives had taken a fancy to a little terrier dog, which with difficulty he was prevented from taking away. This animal, and a Newfoundland companion, were of much assistance in effecting what, it seems, even the bayonet could not. Having been much annoyed by these people, and succeeded in driving them all overboard, Captain Beechey says:—

"I determined, since the main deck was cleared, that it should be kept so, and placed a marine sentinel at each of the ladders; but as the natives tried every method to elude their vigilance, the sentinels had an arduous task to perform, and disturbances must inevitably have arisen in the execution of their orders, had it not been for our Newfoundland dog. It fortunately happened that this animal had taken a dislike to our visitors, and, the deck being cleared, he instinctively placed himself at the foot of the ladder, and, in conjunction with the little terrier, who did not forget his perilous hug of the day before, most effectually accomplished our wishes. The natives, who had never seen a dog before, were in the greatest terror of them, and Neptune's bark was soon found to be far more efficacious than the point of a sentry's bayonet, and much less likely to lead to serious disturbances. Besides, his activity cleared the whole of the main deck at once, and supplied the place of all the sentinels. The natives applied the name of *boa* to him, a word which, in the Otaheitan language, properly signifies a hog. But it may be observed, that *boa* is applied equally to a bull, or to a horse, which they call *boa-afae-taata*, (literally, man-carrying pig,) or to all foreign quadrupeds." p. 113.

A visit was paid to the *Areghe*, or chief, at the principal village, who, with all becoming gravity, received the presents of Captain Beechey, but without offering to accede to that interchange of articles, or supplies, which was the ultimate object in view. In this, the want of a knowledge of their language was much felt, and might have prevented a *rencontre* which ensued. Captain Beechey has given a very neatly-executed plan of the Gambier group, which will be of service to future navigators, and a spirited view of the transaction to which we have alluded.

The *Blossom* had now fairly entered the Archipelago of the Pacific Ocean, and ample employment was found in surveying and examining the islands. They are mostly of coral, and their curious form has long engaged the attention of naturalists. They are universally found to have a large lagoon in their centre, which is protected from the sea by a wall of coral rising from an astonishing depth. Many of them, although possessing a few cocoa-nut trees, are inhabited by natives, who depend for their subsistence chiefly on fish. At one of these, named Byam Martin Island, Captain Beechey was agreeably surprised on finding the natives had been instructed in the Christian religion by the zealous efforts of the Missionaries of Otaheite.

"We very soon discovered that our little colony were Christians: they took an early opportunity of convincing us of this, and that they had both testaments, hymn-books, &c. printed in the Otaheitan language: they also showed us

a black lead pencil, and other materials for writing. Some of the girls repeated hymns, and the greater part evinced a reverence and respect for the sacred books, which reflects much credit upon the missionaries, under whose care we could no longer doubt they had at one time been." p. 164.

Respecting the addiction of the natives of these islands in general to cannibalism, Captain Beechey gives us the following remark, obtained through the interpreter of the *Dart* (a brig, employed by the Australian Pearl Company,) from the chief of Bow Island:—

"Not far from the temporary residence of the natives, there was a level spot of ground, overgrown with grass, upon which the observatory was erected; and I had in consequence frequent intercourse with them, and, through the medium of the interpreter of the *Dart*, learned many interesting particulars concerning them. By his account they have not long desisted from cannibalism. On questioning the chief, he acknowledged himself to have been present at several feasts of human bodies, and on expatiating on the excellence of the food, particularly when it was that of a female, his brutal countenance became flushed with a horrible expression of animation. Their enemies, those slain in battle, or those who die violent deaths, and murderers, were, he said, the only subjects selected for these feasts; the latter, whether justified or not, were put to death, and eaten alike with their victims. They have still a great partiality for raw food, which is but one remove from cannibalism; and when a canoe full of fish was brought one day to the village, the men, before it could be drawn to the shore, fell upon its contents, and devoured every part of the fish except the bones and fins. The women, whose business it was to unload the boat, did the best they could with one of them between their teeth, while their hands were employed portioning the contents of the canoe into small heaps. But even in this repast we were glad to observe some indication of feeling, by their putting the animal speedily out of torture by biting its head in two, the only proof of humanity which they manifested. In like manner, cleanliness was not overlooked by them, for they carefully rinsed their mouths after the disgusting meal." 176-7.

Polygamy is common among them. The women lead a miserable life, of which the following instance of the treatment they receive from their husbands is a sufficient proof:—

"The superiority of sex was never more rigidly enforced than among these barbarians, nor were the male part of the human species ever more despicable. On one occasion an unfortunate woman who was pounding some of these nuts, (pandanus nuts) which she had walked a great distance to gather, thinking herself unobserved, ate two or three of the kernels as she extracted them; but this did not escape the vigilance of her brutal husband, who instantly rose and felled her to the ground in the most inhuman manner, with three violent blows of his fist. Thus tyrannized over, debased, neglected by the male sex, and strangers to social affection, it is no wonder all those qualities which in civilized countries constitute the fascination of woman, are in these people wholly wanting." p. 178.

We shall now pass on to the arrival at Otaheite, the favourite resort of our former navigators. "The diversity of feature of this romantic island formed a strong contrast with the monotonous appearance of the coral formations," well calculated to produce the most pleasing sensations on the minds of the *Blossom's* crew, while its ample resources contributed that nourishment of which they were beginning to feel the want. Otaheite

may be justly considered as half civilized and half barbarous, and as such, the natives are more difficult to deal with. We must refer our readers to the lively description given by Captain Beechey of this place, of the royal party, and his reception with his officers by the Queen Regent, as well as the interesting account of the superstitions and prejudices of the natives. But we cannot help giving the following extract, as it affords a striking contrast between the Otaheites and New Zealanders:—

"While we were at anchor, a whale-ship arrived from New Zealand, with a party of natives of that country on board, whom the master permitted to exhibit their war-dance for our diversion. After the duty of the day was over, the party assembled in front of the Consul's house, and the Otaheites, anxious for an opportunity of comparing the dances of other countries with their own, crowded round in great numbers to witness the performance.

"The exhibition took place by torch-light, and began by the party being drawn up in a line with their chief in advance, who regulated their motions; which, though very numerous, were all simultaneous, and showed that they were well practised in them. They began by stamping their feet upon the ground, and then striking the palms of the hands upon the thighs for about a minute, after which, they threw their bodies into a variety of contortions, twisted their heads about, grinned hideously, using all kinds of imprecations and abuse on their supposed enemy, as if to defy him to battle: having at length worked themselves into a complete frenzy, they uttered a yell, and rushed to the conflict, which, from what we saw represented, must in reality be horrible; the effect upon the peaceable Otaheites was such that long before they came to the charge some of them ran away through fear, and all, no doubt, congratulated themselves that there was so wide an expanse of water between their country and New Zealand. A dirge over the fallen enemy concluded the performance, which it is impossible adequately to describe. We learned from the whaler, that Shonghi, the New Zealand chief who was educated in England, was availing himself of the superiority he had acquired, and was making terrible ravages among his countrymen, whose heads when dried furnished him with a lucrative trade." p. 222.

The *Blossom* having refitted, and recruited the health of her crew at Otaheite, proceeded to the Sandwich Islands; but the change of diet occasioned by this visit, proved serious in its consequences. The scenery of the Sandwich Islands is of a very different nature from that of Otaheite, and must arise from some other cause than the trifling difference there is in their distances from the equator. This, no doubt, must be their geological formation. Captain Beechey says,

"Our passage from Otaheite to this place had been so rapid, that the contrast between the two countries was particularly striking. At Woahoo, the eye searches in vain for the green and shady forests skirting the shore, which enliven the scene at Otaheite. The whole country has a parched and comparatively barren aspect; and it is not until the heights are gained, and the extensive ranges of taro plantations are seen filling every valley, that strangers learn why this garden was distinguished by the name of the Sandwich Islands.

"The difference between the appearance of the natives of Woahoo and Otaheite is not less conspicuous than that of the scenery. Constant exposure to the sun has given them a dark complexion and a coarseness of feature which do not exist in the Society Islands, and their countenances moreover have a wildness of expression

which at first mislead the eye; but this very soon wears off, and I am not sure whether this manliness of character does not create a respect which the effeminacy of the Otaheites never inspires." p. 231.

The main object of the voyage was now at hand; the shore of Kamchatka was soon gained, where Captain Beechey received the first intelligence of the return of Captain Parry, and the loss of one of his ships in Prince Regent's Inlet. The entrance of the ship in Behring's Strait is thus well described:—

"It was one of those beautiful still nights, well known to all who have visited the arctic regions, when the sky is without a cloud, and when the midnight sun, scarcely his own diameter below the horizon, tinged with a bright hue all the northern circle—when the ship, propelled by an increasing breeze, glides rapidly along a smooth sea, starting from her path flocks of lumps and dovekeys, and other aquatic birds, whose flight may, from the stillness of the night, be traced by the ear to a considerable distance—that we approached the strait that separates the two great continents, not a little anxious that the fog, the almost certain successor to a fine day in high latitudes, should hold off until we had satisfactorily decided a geographical question of some importance, as connected with our immortal countryman Captain Cook." p. 245.

The prevalence of fogs and calms occasioned much delay, but these were opportunities of visiting the ship, which were not lost by the Esquimaux, who came from the land in great numbers. The hopes of meeting with the people of Capt. Franklin's expedition occasioned much anxiety, particularly as the time appointed had passed.

"At four o'clock in the morning of the 25th we reached our appointed rendezvous at Chamisso Island, five days later than had been agreed upon by Captain Franklin and myself, but which, it appeared, was quite early enough, as there were no traces of his having arrived. On approaching the island we discovered, through our telescopes, a small pile of stones upon its summit; and as every object of this kind which was likely to be the work of human hands was interesting, from the possibility that it might be the labour of the party we were in search of, it was not long undergoing an examination; there was nothing however to lead to its history, but conjecture attributed it to Captain Kotzebue, who visited that spot in 1817." p. 254.

Here provisions and signals were placed for Capt. Franklin, in case of his arrival, while the ship proceeded to survey the coast to the northward. In her progress in this direction, a strong superficial current was found setting through the Strait into the Polar Sea, which Capt. Beechey throws out as a point for the speculation of scientific men. Here we must break off for the present.

Oxford: a Poem. By Robert Montgomery. Illustrated by Joseph Skelton. Post 8vo. London, 1831. Whittaker & Co.

It has been hinted to us by a friend, that Mr. Montgomery is suffering under the double misery of being *over* and *under* praised, and therefore it would be becoming the integrity of the *Athenæum* to be scrupulously just towards him. This is a pretty theme to discourse upon;—we have, indeed, said something, in another part of our paper, upon action and re-action, which the reader may, if he please, transfer here, and prefix to this

notice. We have also been told that it is a hateful thing to crush a young poet, and most sincerely do we agree with the writer; but, in truth, a man who rides triumphant on nine editions, comes not within the meaning of the words; and we think they do not apply to Mr. Montgomery, for more intelligible reasons; and we said so when a little angered by the prosy puffing of the Lecturer on Pyramids.

On this occasion, however, we determined to give this gentleman all the benefit of our gentler nature; we opened his volume with every disposition to be satisfied; we read the first book in the resolved spirit of a martyr; and must now confess we had rather dig through old Anthony Wood's two folios, notes and all, than venture on the second.

We do not, however, intend to be critical, unless provoked by extravagant commendation from others: we shall let Mr. Montgomery speak for himself, with only an occasional commentary, and shall select, as an introduction, the most poetical passages we have met with—the reference to Mr. Bowles and the visit to Blenheim:—

And oft I turn, when fancy wanders free,
Romantic Bowles! to bless a thought with thee:
Oh! long in Bremhill may the village chime
Sound the sweet music of departing time,
And fairy echoes as they float along,
Awaken visions that were born in song.
Of hope and fame, when first impassion'd youth
Their beauty painted on a world of truth.

Now, observe what follows!

Thy pleasing life, in past'ral quiet spent
Where heaven and earth commingling are blest,
A prayer evokes, that England long may see
In wood-hung vales from city murmur free,
Her landscape charm in varied shadow dress—
The village steeple with its tow'ry crest,
When dimly taper'd to romantic height
Or grayly melted into morning light.
Not Windsor vast with battlemented tow'rs,
With charm so deep a pensive gaze o'erpow'rs,
As village spires, in native valleys seen,
And nature all around them hush'd and green:
How oft some eye, as o'er the wheel-track'd road
The whirling coach conducts her motley load,
Hath wistful gazed where neat the parsnage rose,
With Church behind it, in reversed repose.

There are certainly some passages and some thoughts of beauty in the following:—

And on the way how sweet retirement threw
A shade of promise o'er life's distant view:—
How wildly beautiful the vasty sky,
Like heaven reveal'd, burst radiant on the eye!
A spirit bosom'd in the winds, appear'd,
To chaunt noon-hymns, where'er a sound career'd,
While ev'ry leaf a living gladness wore,
And bird-like flutter'd as the breeze pass'd o'er;
The lark made music in the golden air,
The green earth, yellow'd by a sunny glare,
In twinkling dyes beheld her flow'ry race
Dance to the wind, and sparkle o'er her face:
Faint, sweet, and far, we heard the sheep-bell sound,
And insect happiness prevail around.
The green monotony of hill and glade,
Where viewless streams,—by verdure oft betray'd,
Like Charity, who walks the world unseen,
Yet leaves a light where'er her hand hath been.

The description thus proceeds!—

Noon glided on, till day's declining glow
Beheld us sweeping o'er the verdant flow
Of meadow vales.

There are innumerable passages in this poem which we do not pretend to understand. We have made selection of such as seemed to us among the best, and shall now add one more ambitious attempt:—

But, oh! to stand where Gloom and Silence drowns
The roaring gladness of the distant town!
A sea of blackness settles o'er the hearth,
The stars unwitness'd, and the clouds undriv'n;
Dull, deep, and stagnant, in grim slumber laid,
To pall a chaos looks that sky array'd!
Beneath, illum'd tow'rs and steeples rise,
And tint the darkness with emerging dyes,
That mix and melt in atmospheric glare,
Till faintly wither'd into dusky air;
While green-arch'd groves, in verdant pomp of light,
Present their beauty to the gaze of night.

The Midnight comes, and with her sound, and storm!
And cloudy phantoms, each a dreadful form:
From east to west earth-shaking thunders roll,
And lightnings quiver from the glaring pole;
A rainy deluge rushes from the sky,
A thousand lights in one wild darkness die!

A thunder-storm on an illumination night, is all that this mad mouthing is intended to describe—but we have resolved to be patient; and Mr. Montgomery has authority for calling in a deluge to extinguish the lamps, in the old poet who called in the watchman to put out the rushlight.

When Mr. Montgomery mentions Christ Church, he runs over a bead-roll of worthies educated there:—

Here Sydney dreamt, Marcellus of his land,
Whom poets lov'd, and Queens admitted grand;

A later age, and Locke's eternal mind
Here soar'd to reason.
One ev'ning, when delightful converse glow'd,
As friend on friend his gleam of thought bestow'd,
A spark was struck that set his brain on fire.

All this may be very characteristic of a young poet, but we are old prosers;—so, too,

No cloud meander'd o'er the sea-like heav'n,
May be very pretty description; and

Midnight comes, intoxicating maid,
may be the Prosopopeia of the schools; but to us it sounds very like the revelry of Clement's Inn—something between maudlin and imbecility;—but we have done.

Calmuc Tartary; or, a Journey from Sarepta to several Calmuc Hordes of the Astracan Government. London, 1831.
Holdsworth & Ball.

THE Moravian establishment at Sarepta, on the confluence of the Sarpa and Volga, had, at various times, despatched missionaries amongst the tribes of the Calmucs. The Russian government, in the year 1822, was applied to for renewed letters of protection, in behalf of the brethren who were then with the Choschudan horde. This request was complied with, and they were permitted, "at the same time, to diffuse amongst these tribes such portions of Scripture as had been translated into the Calmuc language, but with an annexed injunction from Prince Galitzin, that they should confine themselves to the distribution of the Scriptures, and refrain from all comment." In consequence of this limited permission, a journey was undertaken by two of the brethren, Messrs. Zwick and Schill, across the Calmuc Steppes; and the former of these gentlemen has given the result of their mission in the volume before us. Although, in the immediate object of their perilous journey, they were eminently unsuccessful, as it was only on one or two occasions they could prevail on any of the hordes even to accept a single copy of the Bible; yet we are glad that this journey was undertaken by men who have rendered their travels useful in other respects. Mr. Schill appears to be a well-informed, liberal-minded man; and the knowledge he has given us of the domestic regulations of those still half-discovered countries, is interesting and valuable in many points of view. The innumerable swarms which inhabit those trackless wastes,—over which as thick a cloud of ignorance and idolatry is still spread as brooded over their blood-thirsty and savage predecessors, the Huns, in the fourth and fifth centuries,—form an interesting subject of contemplation to the politician, no less than to the

divine. There is something awful in the reflection, that, in this age of civilization and refinement, so many millions of wild and lawless spirits are ready to pour from their inaccessible wildernesses with a fury and a power as fearful as those which marked the followers of Attila, and established a kingdom of barbarism and superstition from the confines of China to those of France;—but it is still more awful to reflect on the total night in which those myriads of souls are still sunk, without knowledge and without hope, rejecting the light of salvation when it is offered to them, and obstinately lying in the darkness of the shadow of death.

The first person to whom the Missionaries directed their journey, was a Prince Erdeni. From him they met with many disappointments; but they found, throughout their pilgrimage, that the principal opposition to their distribution of the Scriptures proceeded from the Lamas, or bishops, and the Gellongs, or priests, of the several tribes. The following is a graphic account of the Lama of Erdeni's horde:—

"On the 4th of June, in the forenoon, we visited the chief priest of the horde, (or Lama,) and took with us a present of tobacco and gingerbread. He is about thirty, with a countenance indicating at the same time good-nature and bigotry. Contrary to the custom of other ecclesiastics of his rank, who, to counterfeit sanctity, put on a grave insensibility, and speak little and like an oracle, to give themselves an appearance of wisdom, he was both polite and conversable, without in any way lowering his dignity. When we arrived he was sitting cross-legged, on a high cushion, in a loose yellow robe, with the red Orkimschi (or scarf) of a Gellong over his left shoulder, and a large cap trimmed with fur on his head, like those which the Gellongs usually wear. He was playing mechanically with the beads of his rosary, without seeming to know what he was doing. His handsome tent was well furnished with religious vessels, and on the splendid altar-table, besides cups, there was a stand for books, many beautiful Krudns (or prayer machines), with Sanscrit characters in gold, and some images and pictures of their gods. On the carpets, which were spread all around the interior of the tent, there were two rows of Gellongs, clad according to their respective dignities, in red and yellow, and drinking tschigan with great assiduity; this liquor was supplied by the Gezulls, from two large vessels full of it, which stood in the middle of the hut." p. 71-2.

The Missionaries continued with Erdeni's tribe during several of its migrations, as he continually delayed, under one pretext or another, to give them his written order to his followers to receive the Scriptures. At last, however, he gave it to them, but so cautiously worded, that it was of no avail, and not one member of the horde would venture to accept a volume which the Gellongs had interdicted. We have a very good and intelligible account of the strange superstition of the Buddhists. We have also a description of a curious sort of an instrument:—

"The Kurdu, or prayer-machine, which I have mentioned more than once, is peculiar to the Buddhists. It consists of hollow wooden cylinders, of different sizes, filled with Tangud writings. The cylinders are painted with red stripes, and adorned with handsome gilt letters, in the Sanscrit character, commonly containing the formula Om-ma-in-bad-mæ-chum; each of these is fixed upon an iron axis, which goes through a square frame; this frame is capable

of being shut up flat, and is formed upon small scale, much like a weaver's shearing machine. Where the lower parts of the frame cross, there is a hole, in which the axis of the cylinder turns; by means of a string which is attached to a crank in the spindle, the machine can be kept in motion, so that the cylinder turns in the frame like a grindstone (only upright) upon its axis. Before the fire at Sarepta, we had two large Kurds of this kind, with Tangud writings of all sorts, rolled one upon another round the spindle, in the inside of the cylinder, to the length altogether of some hundred feet. These prayer mills perform a much more important office than a rosary, which only serves to assist the person who prays. The Moguls believe, that it is meritorious respectfully to set in motion (whether by the wind or otherwise,) such writings as contain prayers and other religious documents, that the noise of these scraps of theology may reach to the Gods, and bring down their blessing. As these prayer-machines usually contain the Tangud formula, which is serviceable to all living creatures,—(repeated it may be ten thousand times, so that there is a multiplication of power like that in the English machines, equivalent to the labour of so many individuals,)—as prayer can, in this manner, be carried on like a wholesale manufactory, it is not very surprising that prayer-mills are so commonly to be found in the houses of the Moguls. An ingenious contrivance this, for storming heaven with the least possible trouble." 118.

After leaving Erdeni's tribe, they betook themselves to a horde commanded by three brothers. The first they visited they discovered to be idiotic; but, as his nobility was hereditary, it did not detract from his dignity or comforts, or perhaps was not so remarkable as if he had been a plebeian. The next brother was, if possible, a worse specimen of the aristocracy, and depended a great deal too much on the privileges of his order:—

"Dschirgal, a man about thirty years of age, thin, with only one eye, and in very dirty apparel, was lounging on a couch which was equally dirty, in a tent which had nothing princely about it. He took the introductory letter, which we presented, carelessly (contemptuously even), and after asking a few questions in a short boorish manner, he sent us back to our carriages. It was evident that we had to deal with a boor, though of princely rank, and we had very soon further proof of this fact. Just as we had eaten our moderate supper, by the side of our carriage, and were ready to betake ourselves to repose, the Prince sent word by one of his servants that he was coming to pay us a visit. He arrived immediately, attended by two little pages. He called for tea, and first civilly, and then with threats, desired to have brandy with it. He had already learnt from our attendants how much we had brought with us, and he drank, either separately or with his tea, fifteen glasses of brandy, which was the whole of our stock, except a small remainder which he carried off with him. He demanded abundance of sugar with it, and the gingerbread which we had designed for future presents. We could refuse him nothing, for our stores had been already announced, and we felt ourselves entirely in the power of an uncivilized (and as we clearly saw, blood-thirsty) robber, who perhaps had only to speak the word, and his subjects (a suspicious-looking rabble in Russian, Armenian, and Circassian dresses, whom we had already seen in considerable numbers about us,) would have fallen upon us without mercy or delay. Neither here, nor in the other hordes which we afterwards visited, were there any Russian Priestaws, to whom we could apply for protection. The Prince's love of plunder was now uppermost, and he desired to see our horses, but we succeeded in turning

him from his purpose, by telling him that they were the property of the government, which we had no power to dispose of. Upon this, he asked to see our daggers, (which we had left in the coach,) set himself by the fire, and tried them in various ways, particularly by letting them fall, together with his own, into the ground, after which he pronounced that mine (a very fine one, which I had bought at Astracan four years ago from a Persian,) was the best of them all. He took possession of it immediately with the words, 'We will change,' and threw his own (which was a miserably poor one) to me. Brother Schill lost his tobacco-pipe on this occasion, and would have lost his good coat, if Dschirgal, who had tried it on during the visit, had not luckily forgotten it when he was going away."

The volume is very well worth reading, and contains a good deal of botanical and entomological information. In the latter department, we think, after a perusal of the following passage, few people will fail to believe so much of the doctrine of the Buddhists as relates to the metempsychosis. It may do very well for a description of a person who has lately made some noise in the world by a nearly similar process:—

"The next day, the 9th of July, we set off at six o'clock in the morning, and when we had got a hundred paces from our last night's abode, a Calmuc came running to us from a little group of huts, and begged us to cure him of the bite of a black spider, the bebussun chara (black widow), or, as it is sometimes called, tobihun summun (the canon). He had been bitten on the naked back in his bed, about half an hour before, by one of these creatures, which he had killed and preserved. This spider is of moderate size, quite black, and rather shining, with a thick body and slender legs, and very little covered with hair. The man's back was swollen to a considerable distance round the part, and water trickled out of his mouth." p. 168.

The black spider has certainly transmigrated, with as small a change of disposition as possible, into the body of a professor of the healing art in our good city of London.

Songs of Solitude. By William Bennet. London, 1831. Simpkin & Marshall.

"On looking back, from 'midst of a busy life, to the comparative quiet of those scenes in which the following transcripts of early feelings and impressions had birth, their author thought he could not bestow on them a more appropriate designation than that of 'Songs of Solitude.' Hence the peculiarity of the title, which has been chosen rather to give permanent expression to this sentiment, than to indicate the leading characteristics of the pieces themselves." These are Mr. Bennet's own words; but, under any circumstances, the title is a suitable one, since the greater part of the volume is composed of pastoral and love lyrics—things that have more to do with solitude than society. There is much amiable feeling and pure sentiment embodied throughout, and the versification often reminds us of Langhorne. The five Sonnets to the Sea, though of a superior merit, are too long to be all extracted, and as they are linked together, it would be a pity to separate them. We give, therefore, as a specimen,

The Twilight Hour.

With twilight comes the hour to rove,
When spring bath clothed the earth in bloom,
And from each lawn and blossomed grove
The balmy breezes waft perfume.

O then, beneath the deepening gloom
Of pendent boughs, how sweet to stray,
While doves their nightly plaints resume,
And sigh and muse the hours away!

Hail to that hour! for, O, how blest
This care-worn bosom oft hath been,
When o'er it stole the halcyon rest
That broods and breathes in such a scene!
'Twas then with deepest power, I ween,
My purer thoughts renewed their sway,
Till far from fancy's sky serene,
Each worldly cloud had passed away.

Hail to that hour! for with it still
Return those dreams of youthful bliss,
That tuned my soul to rapture's thrill,
Ere aught in life was judged amiss!
Mild twilight hour! how soft the kiss
Thy breath of balm vouchsafes my brow!
O, fleet not past—or leave me this,
The holy calm that soothes me now!

FAMILY LIBRARY.—VOL. XX.
Sketches from Venetian History. 2 vols.
Vol. I.

[Second Notice.]

INCIDENTS are, by the writer of this volume, often brought prominently forward, and made very happily to illustrate the subject:—the following is proof that the fearful power entrusted to the Council of Ten was not sufficient for that protection, the pretence for which, after all, was but a miserable apology for so hateful a despotism.

"On the death of the elder Carrara, the chief authority in Padua became vested in his nephew Ubertino. The restlessness of his ambition soon rendered him suspected at Venice; and there were not wanting many voices in the Senate to denounce him as a dangerous enemy. He is accused of having employed the stiletto, which had already become a powerful engine in Italian politics, to silence these opponents. On one occasion also, he acquired material strength by an outrage most daring indeed, but of a less dark character than assassination. Having learned the names of the Senators most opposed to his interests, he seized them by night, and hurried them bound, gagged, and blindfolded, in gondolas, to Padua. There, in his own Palace, he repeated to the astonished prisoners the arguments, the very words which they had employed against him in the Councils, with which he had become acquainted through his spies. At first, he sternly threatened death; till, having succeeded in striking terror, he gradually relaxed the menace, and granted them liberty, under an oath that they would bury the adventure in secrecy, and, for the future, adopt a policy more consonant with his wishes. On the same night, they were reconveyed to their homes; but, on parting, Carrara warned them of the dangers of perjury, significantly implying that he who could find agents for their abduction, had a much speedier vengeance at his command; and that he could readily employ daggers if they either betrayed or deceived him. The threat was effectual. The transaction was never revealed by the Venetian Senators; nor was it at all known, till many years after its occurrence, and then only by the dying confession of some of the ruffians who had been engaged in its execution." p. 240-41.

Particular scenes are often sketched with vigour, and the description of the famous war of Chiozza is written with great spirit, and deserves particular mention. Of the generous and devoted patriotism of the Venetians on this occasion, take the following in proof:

"The force, indeed, of which the Republic was now mistress, might promise, at least, an even-handed contest. Never in the whole history of the World, had been exhibited more splendid instances of individual sacrifice and self-devotion, than those made by the Patriot

Venetians. Where age or infirmity rendered personal service impossible, entire fortunes were surrendered to the State; vast debts were remitted by creditors; plate, jewels, and treasure were heaped into the public coffers; the Doge mortgaged his Revenues; the Ecclesiastics bore arms. One holy band alone was found wanting to its Country, and the Minorites excused themselves. It was written, they said, in their statutes, that no one of their brotherhood, whatever might be the occasion, should handle any weapon of offence. Their cowardly hypocrisy received its deserts, and they were banished from the *Dogado*. Among the traders, we hear of a Furrier who undertook the maintenance of one thousand armed men; of an Apothecary who equipped a galley; of plain mechanics and simple artisans who associated to defray similar expenses." p. 321-2.

The following will illustrate the power of the church of Rome in the fourteenth century, and the fearful consequences of those paper denunciations at which, we suspect, even Catholic Spain would laugh in the nineteenth.

"The Pope dispatched a Nuncio to Venice; and, on the rejection of his demands, he excommunicated the Doge and put his dominions under Interdict. The Bull issued on this occasion is a memorable record of the fury, the arrogance, and the folly of Rome. The Venetians were likened in it to Dathan, Abiram, Absalom, and Lucifer—personages who appear to have been always retained for employment on similar occasions, for we call to mind more than one usage of them at times in which our own Princes excited the wrath of the Vatican. Unless Ferrara should be surrendered within a month, all nations were forbidden from holding any commerce with Venice; the Doge and his Republic were to be stripped of all privileges and fiefs which might have been granted heretofore by the Holy See; his subjects were released from their oath of fidelity to him; all Venetians were declared infamous, incapable of administering public functions even among themselves, of appearing in Courts of Justice, either as plaintiffs or defendants, and of bequeathing or inheriting property; and their children, to the fourth generation, were excluded from all secular and ecclesiastical dignities. These penalties, after two months' delay, were to be enhanced yet farther by the actual deposition of the Doge and all his Ministers, the annulment of all contracts and obligations which had been entered into with them, the confiscation of the entire property of every Venetian, and the summons of all Christendom to arms, in order to reduce them to slavery. • • •

"Meantime, whether from a superstitious awe of the Papal denunciation, or, as is more probable, from a general jealousy of the wealth and power of a State, who, without territorial possession, mated herself with Kings, Venice was proscribed throughout Europe. Not only the Italian Ports, but France, England, Arragon, and Sicily, impelled either by weakness or avarice, pillaged her factories, and confiscated her merchandize. An embargo was laid upon her ships; many of her residents and mariners were killed; yet more were condemned as slaves, and sold even to the Infidels; at whose hands they were likely to encounter a more gentle treatment than at those of their Christian brethren. 'Happy indeed for us was it,' is the strong language of a Venetian historian, 'that the Saracens also were not among the baptized. Throughout the *Dogado* and its dependencies, all services of the Church were interrupted. The Clergy avoided a land groaning under malediction; the Sacraments, for the most part, were denied; and it was not without difficulty that even the newly-born received admission to the Faith by its

solemn initiatory rights, and that the dying were permitted the consolation of the *Vaticum*. These privations, and the sufferings resulting from them, the hardness and despair produced by the suspension of religious ordinances, the dearth and impoverishment which were the natural fruits of commercial stagnation, increased in no slight degree that evil feeling which already existed among the Citizens towards their Government. * * *

"Clement V. was prevailed on to remove the Interdict; and popular belief has attributed this reconciliation with the Holy See to the adroit or the pious self-abasement of the Venetian Ambassador, Francesco Dandolo. He is said to have presented himself in a penitential garb, with an iron collar fastened round his neck, at the table of the Pontiff, and to have remained there, prostrate, till, by tears and sighs, he had extorted a favourable reply to his petition. While he bent in the attitude of supplication, some of the Cardinals who were present spurned him as a dog; and it has been supposed that the *sobriquet*, *Il Cane*, by which he is best known to his countrymen, arose from this incident. The Cardinals may, no doubt, have displayed the arrogance imputed to them, but the surname *Cane*, to which also they may, perhaps, have made an opprobrious allusion, was borne long before, by many ancestors of Dandolo." p. 222-36.

Of the precautions taken to secure the electors from all influence, we have a curious illustrative anecdote.

"Immediately after their approval by the Council, the Electors were conducted into an apartment, from which, until the announcement of their decision, all egress was peremptorily forbidden. No communication with those without was permitted, and the very windows were most jealously closed. To lighten the tedium of their confinement, they were magnificently entertained at the public expense; and every wish expressed by them, which did not involve in it a possibility of breaking through their isolation, was promptly gratified. But so ludicrously precise were the cautions adopted to prevent the appearance of any individual preference, that whatever any one Member of the elective Body asked for, during the conclave, was given not to him singly, but, with him, to each of his brethren also. Thus, on application by a pious Elector for a Rosary, forty-one Rosaries were carried into the saloon; and a similar request, after the invention of Printing, for a copy of *Æsop's Fables* entailed the necessity of a search through all the booksellers' shops in the Capital, for so many impressions of that book as would suffice to convince the whole Body of Electors that no partiality was designed in favour of one." p. 202-3.

In this age of debt, and scrip, and consols, the public may be curious to learn the origin of banking.

"Money was wanting to the public coffers; and the Doge, having exhausted every other financial expedient, was obliged to have recourse to a forced loan from the most opulent citizens, each being required to contribute according to his ability. On this occasion, the Chamber of Loans (*La Camera degl' imprestiti*) was established. To this Chamber the contributors were made creditors, at an annual interest of four per cent.; a rate far below the standard of the age. These creditors, in process of time, were incorporated into a Company for the management of their joint concerns; and thus formed the basis upon which afterwards was erected the *Bank of Venice*, the most ancient establishment of its kind, and the model of all similar institutions. The method in which the above-named loan was repaid is believed to be the earliest instance on record of the funding system, and the first ex-

ample in any Country of a permanent national debt." p. 47-8.

We cannot take leave of this volume without again noticing the beauty of the embellishments.

The Animal Kingdom arranged by Baron Cuvier; with Additional Descriptions by E. Pidgeon and E. Griffiths, Esqrs. Vol. IX. (Class Reptilia.) Whittaker & Co.

"RE-ACTION," say the writers on physics, "is always equal and contrary to action";—they illustrate this important law of motion by a variety of examples derived from some of the most complicated operations of nature and art; but one important illustration has been omitted—they have neglected the proofs that might have been derived from literary fame—they have not shown that the *action* of extravagant puffing has been always followed by the re-action of oblivion; in short, they did not see what we more lucky moderns behold every day, a proclamation in the morning averring that some work has suddenly obtained universal popularity, while a bookseller's account in the evening declares that it moulders in cold obstruction on his shelves. Aristotle, the father of natural science, is the most striking example of those who have sunk under the praises of their friends, though unharmed, and almost unassailed by an enemy;—at one time, the Pope of the literary world, it was heresy to doubt or to contradict any statement sanctioned by his authority: now, to speak of him with reverence, is deemed pedantry and affectation—to quote from him, stigmatized as little short of imbecility;—in brief, the same general law binds comets, steam-engines, and poets; house-building, book-making, and planetary revolutions, are all obedient to one great principle; projectors of tunnels and rail-roads, publishers of fashionable novels and satirical poems, and the whole herd of speculators, all fall from the same common cause—an ignorance of the laws of motion!

In reviewing the rise and progress of zoological science, the injustice with which the memory of Aristotle has been treated, at once forces itself on the impartial mind. For a space of nearly two thousand years, his history contained the most numerous, the best arranged, and the most accurate descriptions of animals;—his system of classification, though confessedly erroneous, contained within itself the elements of a new and a better order: he did not use physiology and comparative anatomy as the basis of his arrangement, because these subjects were still in obscurity; but he knew the value of those sciences; he takes every opportunity of pointing out their importance, and recommends them to his disciples as the only sure foundation of natural science. We have much more to say in behalf of this said Aristotle, if, in this age of superficial reading, we were not afraid of alarming the public.

The civil wars that followed the death of Alexander arrested the progress of science in Greece, at the moment that the literary revolution, by which it might have been accelerated, was completed. Common sense and attentive observation were beginning to be esteemed in the schools of the philosophers as qualifications nearly as valuable as brilliant imaginings and gorgeous

speculations. But science and literature fled together before the march of armies, the invasions of tyrants, the plots of traitors, and the innumerable calamities that overwhelmed the unfortunate land, until even the cold and jealous tyranny of Rome was found to be a relief. The contributions of the Alexandrian philosophers to natural science were neither numerous nor important; indeed, the Ptolemys appear to have injured knowledge by their patronage; they projected a National Library, and engaged all the sciolists of their court in its manufacture;—whether the speculation was profitable at the time, cannot now be ascertained; but one thing is certain, all the volumes have long since gone to that bourn whither all National Libraries must finally proceed.

With every opportunity which extensive commerce and varied dominions could afford the Romans, they neglected zoology almost as much as the English did in the last century. They stared at the beasts in the Circus with the same stupid wonder that our fathers gazed at the lions in the Tower and old Exeter 'Change—they heard from philosophers the same set of marvels which used to be detailed by modern keepers—and they swallowed them with the same implicit credit that showmen still receive in remote districts. At length a Roman naturalist appeared, and a thousand preliminary whispers declared that a work worthy of the nation was soon to come forth. But Pliny was full as unlucky as the Ptolemys in anticipating modern inventions: he determined to produce a Cabinet Cyclopædia, and, in good faith, he did manufacture a work that would rival any other which has since usurped the name. In Pliny's Cabinet Cyclopædia everything was disordered, incongruous, and disproportioned: one book contained ingenious investigations worthy of the best philosophers—the next a set of stories that would disgrace the veriest old woman that ever prated in a chimney-corner;—here an important subject was dashed off in a single sentence—there some petty trifle was diffused over countless pages;—one portion contained original disquisition—another badly disguised plagiarism; and, to crown the whole, while parts of the work were known to be written by him whose name stood in the title, malicious people asserted that other portions were put together from Pliny's notes by some pretending secretary. Pliny's Cabinet Cyclopædia, however, flourished as a speculation in an age of ignorance and folly; but when a brighter era dawned on the world, it followed the National Library of the Ptolemys.

The progress of zoology, since the revival of literature, may be briefly told. Our countryman Ray, following the advice of Aristotle, attempted a new classification, based on internal structure rather than external form; Linnæus, pursuing the same track, but with greater energy, completed the entire system, and gave zoology the form of a science. By confining himself, however, too closely to one kind of character, Linnæus brought together in different parts of his system the most incongruous subjects; for instance, *man* and the *bat* stood side by side in the order *primates*, and this rendered his classification, however simple and easily learned, totally useless as a means of discovery, and wholly inapplicable to the examination of new pro-

positions. To remedy these defects Baron Cuvier enlarged the basis of arrangement, and made the nervous and sensorial systems the groundwork of his classification, instead of the respiratory and circulatory systems, which were adopted by Linnæus. The labours of Baron Cuvier, after having been long appreciated as they deserve by all the continent of Europe, are at length placed before us in an English dress. The editors, as we stated in a review of the first volumes of this valuable work, have not confined themselves to a mere translation, they have added a vast body of useful and interesting information, collected from the best naturalists and from the most authentic voyages and travels; and they have thus relieved the Baron's severe science by an agreeable picture of the habits, mode of life, and practical utility of the various classes of animals. The plates that adorn the work have been either drawn from nature or from the best preserved specimens, and go far to redeem us from the national disgrace which our old works on natural history inflicted, and which induced a foreign naturalist to declare, that "the name added to the plate was the only means of identifying any animal depicted in Goldsmith's *Adorned Nature*."

But to return to the modern history of zoology. In passing at once from Linnæus to Cuvier, we of course omitted an entire host of the Swede's disciples, who greatly enlarged the boundaries of zoological knowledge: but they invariably adhered to their master's system; they left the basis unexamined; and, though every day brought some new difficulties, they dared not to outrage his authority by proposing a better mode of classification. Linnæus deserves the praise of having given zoology the form of a science, but Cuvier the higher glory of having bestowed on it the substance: with him zoology is no longer tentative and experimental; it partakes of the certainty and exactitude of mathematics; for its general laws have been developed, and the principles by which nature guides the living world explained.

Those who have been accustomed to derive their knowledge of the animal kingdom from the fervid eloquence of Buffon, or the simple elegance of Goldsmith, will probably find something stern and repulsive in the technicalities of scientific arrangement; but a little consideration will convince them that every science must have its own peculiar terms, and that by the study of these alone can the foundation of precise and accurate knowledge be laid. A few hours study of Cuvier's technicalities will be well repaid by the new and interesting objects of contemplation unfolded to the student; the mode in which the different physiological systems produce by their varied proportions the manifold varieties of organized life; the reciprocal effects of each on the others, and the perfect adaptation of all to the rank held by the animal in the scale of creation.

A brief attention to the science will form the best preparation for the enjoyment of the varied and interesting matter contained in the illustrations; and though the reader of these volumes will not be gratified by any of the "romance of natural history," he will find in them ample proof that truth is often not only more strange, but more entertaining than fiction.

The German Manual for Self-Tuition. By W. Klauer Klatowsky. 2 vols. London, 1831. Simpkin & Marshall.

This work consists of a very good selection from the German writers, in verse and prose—an interlinear literal translation of a portion of these—a glossary to the remainder, in French and English—a grammar of the German language in German—dialogues in German and French—and an introduction, rules of pronunciation, &c. all in English and French. A person, who has the advantage of occasional assistance from a teacher, may, no doubt, learn much from these volumes, by private study. But those who, at a distance from a large town, are obliged to grope their way into the language by themselves, will certainly find little utility in a grammar written in German, which has not even, like the Eton Latin Grammar, the advantage of being accompanied by a translation. We are also dissatisfied with the mixture of three languages, one of which (the French) bears scarcely any affinity to the two others. Mr. K., wishing to kill two birds with one stone, has written a work which was to sell equally well in Paris and in London; but we cannot see why the one nation should be charged for the instruction of the other; and it is hardly to be supposed, that the young students of either nation will respectively add to their knowledge of English and French, by being made familiar with phrases like these:—"A journey from Bremae after to Antwerp was tied together with to more dangers at to that time, where it gave yet way-layings: Une voyage de à Brème après à Anvers fut lié avec à plus dangers à à cette tems, où ce donna encore embûches de grand chemin." We apprehend that the frequent use of such literal translations, by young people, will endanger the purity of even their own language; but if foreign languages are to be brought habitually under their eyes in such barbarous mutilation, the injury is obvious. The work, however, upon the whole, is meritorious, and evinces a cultivated and reflective mind; for this reason Mr. Klauer might have been satisfied with his own laurels, without attempting to raise his reputation by lowering the reputation of other elementary works and other teachers.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY.

Polar Seas and Regions, No. I. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd. London, Simpkin & Marshall.

HERE is a second edition of the 'Polar Seas and Regions,' and, as we should have anticipated, no expense has been spared to improve it. The account of the wrecks of the whalers last year has been added; and it contains the only authentic information yet published respecting Capt. Ross's expedition, with a chart of his proposed voyage. This is the volume which the *Literary Gazette* dismissed in one-eighth of a column, while they gave five commendatory notices of the 'Juvenile,' which fell dead in the third number. Who, after this, will say that trade criticism and honest criticism are the same thing? Look, too, at the other Libraries, and we have equally differed about them. The 'Cabinet Cyclopaedia' "drags its dull length along"; but we can find no critic that will bestow his time upon it:—as to Dibdin's 'Sunday Library,' we can find no one that has either seen or heard of it, beyond the announcement in the Papers:—the 'Cabinet Library' is not mentioned in literary society, out of respect to Capt. Moyle Sherer:—and it is generally understood, that 'Bourrienne's Memoirs,' which cost the publishers but paper and print, will conclude the 'National':—while the 'Family Library,'—on the last and one of the best volumes of which, the 'Lives of the Architects,' the *Literary Gazette* bestowed three lines,—goes on

more flourishing than ever, selling its thousands, and, in some instances, its tens of thousands—and the 'Edinburgh,' dismissed in one-eighth of a column, is already in a second edition.

The Anatomy of Society. By James Augustus St. John. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Bull.

THIS is not a work to be stowed away in small type and commented on in a few brief sentences—it must be permitted to speak for itself by extracts, when we can spare room for them; but we cannot defer some notice, seeing that it is everywhere advertised as 'The Anatomy of Society by the celebrated Mr. St. John.' Such an announcement is, in our opinion, likely to injure its sale; but the intention must be to deceive the public into a belief that, in some way or other, the book has reference to the notorious Mr. St. John Long; and the falsehood of the paragraph is not to escape condemnation because it happens to be as foolish as false. Mr. St. John is a well-known and well-esteemed literary man, but in no way celebrated; he is now abroad, and we have no doubt the advertisements, if ever seen by him, will be read with pain and regret. Mr. Bull's offences in this way are becoming too notorious to be passed over; the paid paragraph about Boaden's 'Life of Mrs. Jordan'—one of the most vile catch-penny books that ever disgraced literature—has excited general disgust; and this of "the celebrated" Mr. St. John is little less offensive. While on this subject, we must also allude to the deceptive title of works published by Mr. Bull. 'The King's Secret will out' is among the forthcoming. Now, we think it well to apprise our country readers that this mysterious work is written by Mr. Power, the actor—one of the King's company of players, and not of the King's cabinet. There can be no doubt, indeed, that there is no secret in it—that it has no political reference; but we think it well to make this known before publication. The work itself may be a very good one—of that we shall report hereafter. The notice of these paragraphs and title-pages is a hint that will not, we trust, be thrown away on the publisher. We have no Quixotic fancy for quarrelling with booksellers, but can "screw our courage to the sticking-place," if it be necessary, to battle the whole generation.

The Daughter of Herodias: a Tragedy. By Henry Rich, Esq. London, 1831. Andrews.

The Moorish Queen: a Record of Pompeii; and other Poems. By Eleanor Snowden. London, 1831.

British Melodies; or, Songs of the People. By T. H. Cornish. London, 1831. Smith, Elder & Co.

MR. Rich has not written in accordance with the popular notions relating to that tragedy, enacted in the midst of a pageant, the murder of John Baptist, at the request of the daughter of Herodias. The sacred narrative leaves on the mind an impression that she was a light, passive thing, who danced before the assembled nobles willingly; a royal "glee-maiden"; and whilst, of herself, she cared for no boon beyond what might minister to vanity, she betrayed no horror on receiving her mother's mission, and made her request lightly and trippingly. Thus! St. Mark says, "and she came straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will

that those give me by and bye John Baptist's head in a charger." She was what we have heard her called, "a flower dipped in blood." Mr. Rich gives her character, conscience, and religion: she is represented as one of John's friends and converts, and is further represented as beguiled by a stratagem into iniquitous co-operation with her mother—as afterwards overwhelmed with remorse—and as dying, calling on "the green fields of infancy," and her "father's garnered hopes." Herodias is drawn truer to known facts; she was a Hebrew Lady Macbeth, "filled from the crown to the toe top full of direst cruelty"—a woman whose love could only have been less terrible than her hate. The rest of the characters are not very strongly defined, nor are there any scenes (except the one where Herodias works upon her child), containing much force of thought or language, yet is the tragedy as a whole, interesting, and is beautifully got up.

'The Moorish Queen,' by Eleanor Snowden, is by no means either as high or as cold as the writer's name might lead the reader to expect. The first poem is a metrical legend of considerable length, which those who are fond of incident narrated in smooth verse, may read with pleasure. It is a history of tourneys, jealousy, love, fighting, trouble, and triumph. We give the following song as pretty, and also as a specimen of the lyrics appended:—

Beautifully the clouds at ev'n
Streak'd with gold and purple shine;
Radiant are the stars of heaven,
Bright the diamonds of the mine;
But there's nought below, above,
Like the light of eyes we love!

Tuneful are the harp and lute
And the nightingale's wild lay;
Sweet the sound of warbling flute
O'er the waters borne away!
But they ne'er the soul can move
Like the tones from lips we love!

Wheresoever we may stray
With that light and music near
All around seems fair and gay,
Endless sunshine through the year;
And, howe'er our steps may rove,
'Tis th' elysian home of Love!

In a very modest and loyal preface, Mr. Cornish bespeaks indulgence for his 'British Melodies.' He dedicates them to his country, and has written them for the people. Many of them might be set with advantage to music, as the versification is generally very flowing. If Mr. Cornish, to whom we wish very well, will take a hint for his future melodies, we would advise him to vary his subjects more—not (if they are to be British) introduce so many foreign adjuncts—and to keep Venus, Mars, and Bacchus, rather more in the back-ground. The volume is turned out in excellent condition, and we quote the following "melody," as very sweet.

Silently, O silently,
The moon-beam falls on me;
Silently, as silently,
It falls on land and sea.

Silently, still silently,
Creation's wings wax bright;
Silently, more silently,
Bright morn succeeds to night.

O let my soul, thus silently,
Depart from earthly clay;
Thus silently and beamingly
Enter the realms of day.

The Voice of Humanity. No. III. London, Nisbet.

A small quarterly periodical supported by voluntary contributions, intended to prevent cruelty to animals, and so far deserving encouragement; but when we see attempts made in it to get up and pester Parliament with petitions on the subject, we must hint to the parties, that humanity is a question of morals and not of law—that legislation on the subject has already done mischief, and that over-legislation is the vice of the age.

IMPROVEMENTS AT CHARING CROSS.

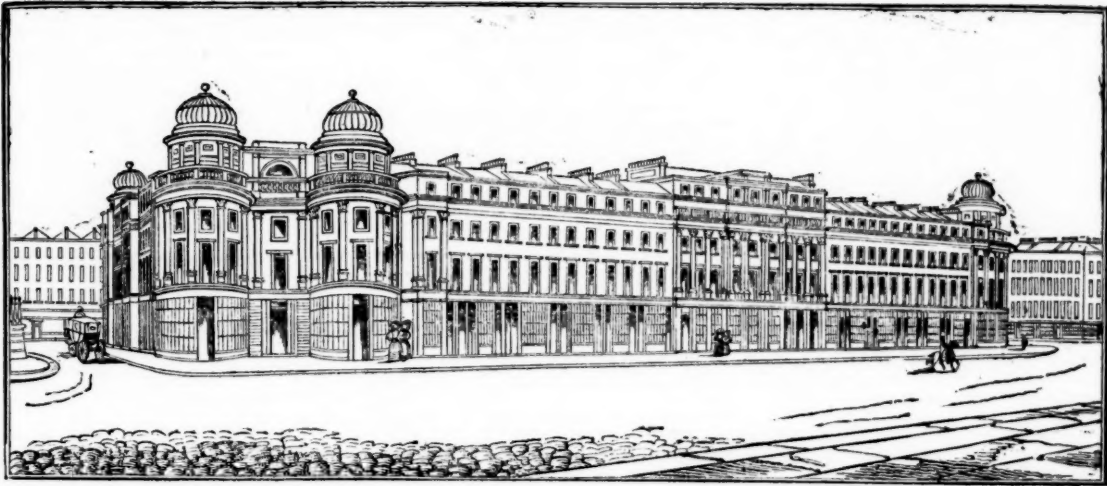
By the kindness and liberality of Mr. Herbert, the architect, of Farm Street, Berkeley Square, we are this week enabled to present our readers not only with a Ground-plan of the Improvements now making at Charing Cross, but also a View of the handsome Elevation of West Strand, and the interior of the Lowther Arcade. The sweeping reform lately made in the streets of this neighbourhood, must be a subject of rejoicing to all who desire to see London worthy, by its architectural grandeur and beauty, of being entitled the first city in the world—as there is certainly nothing on the continent within our knowledge, neither the Strada-Balbi at Genoa, the Corso at Rome, nor the Toledo

at Naples, that can compare with the drive from Westminster Bridge to the Regent's Park. It must have startled our antiquarian friends lately to find St. Martin's Church once again St. Martin's in the Fields, though it were but a brick-field—for such it has not been for two centuries before; and we can allow a few regrets to the family of the Crockeries, seeing what a life of geographical knowledge has been thrown away on the intricacies of Old Round Court. But, to the public generally, these improvements are most welcome; they are, we trust, but the first of those diverging lines from Regent Street, which will eventually intersect London in every direction.

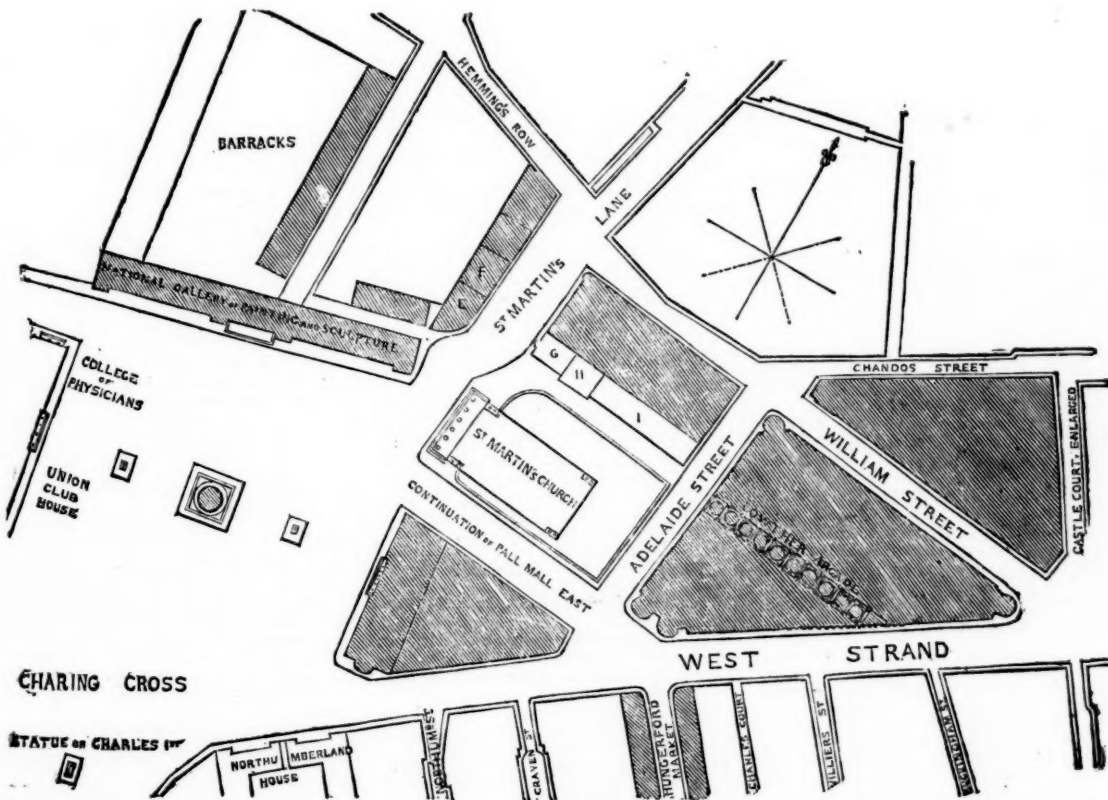
INTERIOR OF THE LOWTHER ARCADE.



ELEVATION OF WEST STRAND.



GROUND PLAN OF THE IMPROVEMENTS AT CHARING CROSS.]



PAMPHLETEER

A brief Sketch of the Invasion of Spain in October 1830. By a British Officer. London, 1831. Bull.

THIS pamphlet is professedly written to give an account of the unsuccessful attempt made last October, by the Spanish refugees, to revolutionize Spain. But, as little was done, little could be said;—the author therefore digresses into a history of Mina's life, and speculates on the causes which, in his opinion, produced the unfortunate result of the invasion. In this speculation he confounds times and circumstances after so extraordinary a fashion, that we know no more of the causes at the end than at the beginning of his work. He is of opinion that the ill-will generated by the separation of the Freemasons and Comuneros, before 1823, occasioned the present division among the emigrants; but seeing, as we do, a Freemason, and a very distinguished one, director of the Torrijos party, while many high Comuneros are amongst Mina's friends, it is impossible not to be convinced that no such parties exist at the present moment. In our opinion, and we said so incidentally at the time, Mina could not have been successful, even had he succeeded in overcoming the stubborn folly of De Pablo, Valdes, and their friends. There are too many interests in Spain all opposed to a revolution. In 1820, those influential persons and corporate bodies, who enjoy great privileges and immunities, felt the present grievance, and speculated on the possibility that they might retain their privileges, and therefore remained passive. Now, they know their strength and the consequences of a defeat; and they oppose revolution for the same reason that boroughmongers oppose reform in England. It is true that the revolutionary spirit is increasing in Spain, and that sooner or later it will burst forth and overthrow all opposition; but the miserable resources of the emigrants will not enable them to accelerate it. We are sincere well-wishers to Spain, and therefore most anxiously desire that the Spanish government, by the concession of a liberal constitution, would prevent a revolution which will be as fearful and bloody as that of 1820 was bloodless and glorious!—but we do not expect it.

A Statement of Circumstances connected with the late Election for the President of the Royal Society. London, 1831.

A temperate statement of the circumstances that preceded and attended the late election—and a full and satisfactory justification, if such be required, of the one hundred and eleven Fellows who, acting in the spirit of the resolutions of the Council of 1828, were of opinion that, with all respect for the personal character of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, his elevated rank was alone sufficient to constitute an insurmountable objection to his election, as "prohibiting that familiarity of intercourse with their President, which the Fellows had always enjoyed"—and tending, it was feared, to "check that freedom of language and conduct which is indispensable to the business of an institution having for its primary object the discovery and publication of scientific truth."

ORIGINAL PAPERS

MARY'S REPLY TO SUCKLING, JUNIOR†

If, like Suckling of old, you could truly indite
With wit and with humour as airy,
Your Adieu unto Love might be read with delight,
And give little pain unto—"Mary."

† Vide Athenæum, Jan. 29th, 1831.

The vein of your mirth is not pleasing or gay;
Your satire is pointless and wary;
You would, but you cannot, attempt to display,
The spirit of "Suckling"—to—"Mary."

Young witling and poet, I once had believed
Of love you would ever be chary;
But woman is always by fancy deceived—
And such is the case with thy—"Mary."

Take back thy vain folly—thy silly pretence—
Go, court thee some elfin or fairy,
And may it endow with more wisdom and sense,
The author of Lines unto "Mary."
Feb. 24, 1831.

TRANSLATION FROM KÖRNER.

AFTER the powerful interest awakened by the beautiful and touching verses of Mrs. Hemans to the Memory of KÖRNER, probably few of our readers can repeat, without some emotion, the name, to which are bound so many thoughts of valour and of tenderness. If some amongst them have heard, as I have often heard, the burst of sorrow for his early fate and proud love for his memory, which the mention of Körner awakens amongst his countrymen, or have read his 'Lyre and Sword,' these will feel the full influence of his songs and history, and, I fear, they will blame me for rushing (like too many feeble intruders before me,) with unhalloved feet upon such sacred ground. But the temptation to disclose to those around us the springs hidden in foreign lands, which have often refreshed our own souls with living water, is at times too strong to be withstood.

In the following attempt to give in English some of the spirit of one of Körner's boldest strains, his metre and rhythm have been carefully preserved; and, with some slight exceptions, where the force of the German idea could not well have been given without a deviation in form, his very words are carefully translated.

This song is addressed by the Volunteer Yagers who left Germany to fight their French foes, to one who had remained at home. It is almost needless to say, that the national feeling of those days is not the least exaggerated in the refrain. Often when this song has been triumphantly raised by the survivors of those memorable campaigns, men, whom their friends or illness detained forcibly at home, have been detected by their rushing out in tears, wholly unable to restrain their feelings.

MEN AND CHILDREN.

The people have risen: the war-storm bursts wild—
Who sits with his hand in his breast like a child?

A shame on thee, dastard!—from men to retire,
And hide thyself crouching with maids o'er the fire!

Mean pitiful craven, pale with fright!
No German girl can bear thy sight,
No German song thy soul delight,
No German wine for thee flows bright:
Here's a health with you,
Ye comrades true,
Who your gleaming sabres drew!

Whilst we the cold night in watching past,
Benumbed by the rain and the whistling blast,
To the softest pillows of down thou crept,
And, dreaming of pleasure, in luxury slept:
Mean pitiful craven, pale with fright!
No German girl can bear thy sight,
No German song thy soul delight,
No German wine for thee flows bright:
Here's a health with you,
Ye comrades true,
Who your gleaming sabres drew!

When, searching our hearts, the loud trumpets clang,
Like God's own thunder-voice suddenly rang,
Thou sat'st in the theatre trifling, the while—
And look'st on the singers and dance with a smile:

Mean, pitiful craven, pale with fright!
No German girl can bear thy sight,
No German song thy soul delight,
No German wine for thee flows bright:
Here's a health with you,
Ye comrades true,
Who your gleaming sabres drew!

Whilst faint from the sun's blazing noon-beam
we sank—
Or a drop of cold water with eagerness drank:
The sparkling champagne in thy goblet o'er-flowed,
As thou revelled at tables that groaned with their load,
Mean pitiful craven, pale with fright!
No German girl can bear thy sight,
No German song thy soul delight,
No German wine for thee flows bright:
Here's a health with you,
Ye comrades true,
Who your gleaming sabres drew!

In the pent rage of combat, as hotly we fought,
On the girls far at home, and love's parting we thought,

Whilst thou with some mistress from danger secure
Enjoyed all the smiles that thy gold could procure;

Mean pitiful craven, pale with fright,
No German girl can bear thy sight,
No German song thy soul delight,
No German wine for thee flows bright:
Here's a health with you,
Ye comrades true,
Who your gleaming sabres drew!

Round us sang the bullet and whistled the spear,
Whilst Death, in a million of shapes, hovered near,

Thou wast sitting at hazard, with fear in thy face
For the turn of a king or the fall of an ace,
Mean pitiful craven, pale with fright,
No German girl can bear thy sight,
No German song thy soul delight,
No German wine for thee flows bright:
Here's a health with you,
Ye comrades true,
Who your gleaming sabres drew!

And the red sod of victory shall yawn for our grave,
With joy will we welcome thee, Death of the brave!

Whilst thou, vainly cowering, with terror wilt try
To hide in thy bed-clothes, and tremble to die!
Thou dost a mean dastard, pale with fear,
No German girl will shed a tear,
No German wine flow o'er thy bier,
No German bard thy name eulge!
Here's a health with you,
Ye comrades true,
Who your gleaming sabres drew!

W. B. C.

Liverpool, 10th Feb. 1831.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ARCH.

THE numerous arches of unbaked bricks, common throughout Egypt and Nubia, have long excited the curiosity of travellers. In many cases, the buildings in which they occur are evidently of recent date, compared with the Egyptian temples, and it seems absurd enough to any one not acquainted with the climate of the deserts, to suppose that fabrics of such very destructible materials as crude lumps of clay can boast of high antiquity. The long duration of such buildings is incompatible even with the climate of Cairo, where the heavy rains occasionally cause immense damage to the town, and the entire destruction of inferior buildings, in which unbaked bricks still supply the place of better material. The heavy rains, however, do not extend far above Cairo, and the waters brought from the Mediterranean by the constant northerly winds, appear to expend themselves entirely on the lower country; so that at Thebes rain scarcely ever falls, and is entirely unknown in the valley of Nubia. There is therefore no reason to imagine the climate of those countries an objection to the antiquity of buildings literally soluble in water; and the only remaining diffi-

culty in supposing them very ancient, arises from this circumstance—that we do not find in the *built temples*, either of the Egyptians or Greeks, any arched work actually constructed, though, in the *excavated temples* of the Egyptians, the arch frequently occurs in the ceilings; and in the catacombs of Alexandria, which are certainly Greek, the varieties of arched forms and domes, so commonly executed at a later period, are cut in the rock with great care.

Now, as these forms contribute much to the beauty of buildings, and are seen in excavations, where no difficulty could attend their execution, it is pretty evident they were never rejected in consequence of any religious prejudice or prescribed rule; and the conclusion, that the ancient Egyptians and Greeks did not know how to construct an arch, very naturally suggests itself. Thus the period at which the arch was invented, has been supposed not earlier than the time of Tarquin; indeed, some antiquaries place it much later; but if the discoveries recently made in hieroglyphics are to be relied on, it appears that there still exist specimens of Egyptian arched work, coeval with many of their most ancient structures. An ingenious traveller, who has spent many years in Egypt, thus writes of one of the tombs at Thebes—"I had long felt persuaded, that the greater part of the crude brick vaults in the western tombs of Thebes, were at least coeval with the eighteenth dynasty, but had never been fortunate enough to find proofs to support my conjecture; till chance threw in my way a tomb, vaulted in the usual manner, with an arched doorway of the same materials, the whole stuccoed and bearing on every part the fresco paintings and name of Amunoph I. Innumerable vaults and arches exist in Thebes of early date,† but, unfortunately, none of the names of kings remaining upon them; though the style of the paintings in the crude brick pyramids, evince at once that they belong to the end of the last-mentioned, or beginning of the nineteenth dynasty." According to the same writer's computation, Amunoph I. lived at least 1500 years before Christ.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 10.—H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, President, in the chair.—The description of a Graphic Register of Tides and Winds by Mr. Palmer, was read. This is the same machine of which an account was given in No. 173 of the Athenæum. Mr. Palmer has also resolved on making an addition which shall register the progress of the tide about half an hour before and after high water. The rise and fall of the tide in this interval will be marked by a steel point which will leave a dot on the paper at every minute. So that the time of the first dot being made, that of any other is found by the number of dots from it. Sections and views of Mr. Palmer's machine were displayed in the meeting-room, with maps whereon the observations which he had already made, were laid down, showing the curves described by the rise and fall.

A certificate was read, in favour of Griffith Davies, Esq., for admission into the Society. John Carnac Morris, Esq., and A. Caldecleugh, Esq., were elected members. In consequence of the latter gentleman having to leave England for Mexico, previous to the next meeting, he was introduced to the Royal President, and admitted after his election.

The Earl of Selkirk, Dr. Lee, Sir Phillip Grey Egerton, and the Bishop of Chichester, having been previously elected, were severally introduced to the Royal President. His Royal Highness addressed the Earl of Selkirk, as well as the Bishop

†The interior of many crude brick pyramids afford curious examples of arched work.

of Chichester, in a most gracious manner. To the former, he adverted to the great benefits which America had derived from the spirited exertions of his father the late Earl—to the latter he expressed his satisfaction in receiving into the Society a person whose private character he so much esteemed, and a dignitary of the church, which, to His Royal Highness was an assurance that religion and science must march together.

On the conclusion of Mr. Palmer's paper, the Royal President addressed the members, and informed them that, accompanied by the council of the Society, he had that day had the honour of waiting on His Majesty by his royal command, and that the King had graciously condescended to enter his royal sign manual in the charter-book as Patron of the Society—that His Majesty had condescended to extend his protection to them as well as to other scientific bodies, and to express his wishes that science should be no monopoly, but that a mutual exchange should be made amongst all, as well as from one country to another. His Royal Highness next informed the members that he had on that day also had the honour of presenting an address to Her Majesty the Queen, which he proceeded to read, as well as Her Majesty's answer. The Royal President concluded by observing that he had performed a most gratifying duty—the Society was honoured, and its character dignified by this alliance with the sovereign; and he trusted it would prove beneficial to it, by inducing attention to its objects, as well as producing unanimity amongst its members.

His Royal Highness's speech was received with marked satisfaction, and his kindness of feeling and urbanity of manner were the subjects of general admiration.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 4.—Dr. Clarke delivered a lecture on Mount Vesuvius, with some observations on Pompeii. Volcanos are much more numerous than is generally supposed, for many of them are situated in countries but little frequented by travellers, and among nations from whom neither scientific observations nor records can be expected. They form, as it were, the safety valves of internal fires, and it is evident that to steam are chiefly attributable the great explosions which form the most striking phenomena of volcanic eruptions. Volcanos often remain inactive for a long period, and then again burst forth, and there is no reason in the common observation, that a volcano which has ceased to emit fire is "burnt out" (an idea corresponding to the vulgar title of "burning mountain"), for the eruption proceeds from a depth far below that to which our knowledge is extended with respect to the structure of the earth, and the mountain itself is but the consequence of the volcano, and formed of the loose matter and lava thrown from below. Of Vesuvius there are very ancient records, and it appears to have been inactive for a long time before the great eruption which destroyed Pompeii in the year 79. A very great eruption generally opens a very large crater, which is subsequently filled up by smaller eruptions that raise at first a small cone in the centre of the large crater; this cone becomes enlarged until the old crater is entirely filled up by a small mountain standing within it. The small mountain, which has a crater usually of no great dimensions, will often gradually increase in height and bulk for a long time; but if a great eruption happen, the whole top of the mountain is blown to pieces, and a large crater again formed. We were eye-witnesses of a similar change some few years ago. In 1821, the small cone did not entirely fill a large crater produced by some former eruption, and the crater of the cone did not exceed 200 yards in any dimension, but after the great eruption of October 1822, the small moun-

tain had entirely disappeared, and the crater was increased to three quarters of a mile or more in diameter—the whole height of Vesuvius having decreased nearly 400 feet.

An effect similar to this we have here described, seems to have taken place when Pompeii was destroyed, and it is probable that *Monte Somma*, which is now esteemed as a separate mountain, was, before that eruption, the natural slope of the Vesuvius—the sharp apex of it forming part of the ridge of the crater.

The destruction of the city was caused by the descent of a quantity of ashes and pumice-stones, driven in that direction by the wind, which covered the ground to the height of 16 feet, and more in some places. There is no reason to suppose that any very hot matter fell on Pompeii, unless some few fragments of more solid lava were projected to so great a distance; but it may be well to state that the ashes, and even the pumice-stones, are but different forms of the peculiar substance called lava, and that lava, whether in the shape of a semifluid melted mass of finely-divided scorice, or light pumice-stone, is, in fact, the same substance. The term "smoke," applied to the dense volumes which fill the atmosphere during eruptions, is an improper name, for there is nothing in it which produces any carbonaceous or fuliginous deposit.† Steam, mixed with finely-divided lava, constitutes this formidable appearance; the black matter falls like ashes, and the steam is condensed, falling on the mountain and parts adjacent, and forming the vast quantities of black mud always seen at eruptions. The subject is abundantly interesting, but our limits oblige us to desist in the inquiry.

On the library table were two ingenious machines to indicate the state of the tide in a harbour to a vessel at a distance, and to make day or night signals.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

March 10.—Thomas Amyot, Esq., in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read, together with the resolution of the Council, mentioned in our last, proposing the publication of a work on Anglo-Saxon and Norman literature. Mr. Parke exhibited to the Society a large-handled jug or bottle of green glass, together with four small earthenware basins of very fine workmanship, all of Roman origin, which were lately discovered near Verulam, or St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. These articles, and particularly the first-mentioned, which is about fourteen inches in height and six inches square, are strongly illustrative of the state of the useful arts necessary to their production during the dominion of the Romans in this country.

Mr. W. Knight, a Fellow of the Society, submitted casts of Roman coins of very fine execution, which were turned up by the plough near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. The Secretary, having read the elucidatory communications of Messrs. Parke and Knight, continued the reading of the Rev. Mr. Skinner's letters to Sir R. C. Hoare, on the site of Camalodunum.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

March 6.—Dr. Granville in the chair.—Dr. O'Shaughnessy read a paper detailing the result of a series of experiments he had instituted, to prove the impropriety of casting imputations on character, from the mere observance, or rather discovery, of copper, on chemical analysis, in articles of diet; for he had found different portions of that metal in bread, cheese, coffee, and other articles of food. The debate consequent on this communication referred principally to the poisonous effect of that metal. Dr. O'Shaughnessy thought the ferruginous potash to be the best antidote in cases of poisoning from the salts

† If any smoke at all proceed from a volcano it is such small quantity as easily to escape observation.

or other properties of copper. Some very useful remarks were subsequently elicited from different gentlemen, on the morbid appearances observed after death by arsenic. Reference was made to the Putney case: Dr. O'Shaughnessy had examined the body of Mrs. Clarke, and found the stomach exhibiting a peculiar stellated or "charred appearance." This characteristic had been previously noticed by Dr. Christeton and other toxicological writers, as the most uniform criterion of the baneful effects of that terrific poison.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

March 8.—The Secretary read a lecture on felting and the art of hat-making, which excited more interest than might be expected, from the process of a manufacture that displays so little ingenuity in the result. Felting is that quality in wool, and some kinds of hair, which disposes these substances to mat together when subjected to pressure and gentle motion, so as to form a compact kind of cloth of considerable tenacity. A general idea may be formed of the operation, by supposing a quantity of very finely-divided wool laid in a heap of equal thickness throughout, and then gently pressed down with a piece of oil-cloth, in which it is afterwards rolled and worked by the hand, with increased pressure, until the hairs of the wool are so far entangled as to form a moderately-strong felt. This is subsequently put into boiling water containing an acid, which contracts it to the firm texture necessary for the body of a hat, or other purposes to which the felt may be destined.

The material so formed is then stiffened by shell-lac, and wrought upon a mould into the form of a hat. The beaver covering is worked into the felt by a similar process; and such is the tendency of woolly substances to mat, that the beaver would be worked entirely through the felt of the hat, if the process were continued for too long a time.

The peculiar property of felting seems to result from the manner in which the hair of animals is formed. When viewed in a powerful microscope, hair exhibits a structure not unlike the trunk of a palm or date-tree, and appears as if formed by equal shoots, which produce a serrated surface throughout the length of the hair. The points of this jagged surface, like those in the stems of many plants, always incline from the root to the point of the hair; so that it may be drawn through the fingers easily in that direction, while it offers some resistance when drawn the contrary way. Thus, hair, when subjected to slight pressure and gentle motion, will advance continually in one direction, like the ear of barley, which, put into the sieve, speedily finds its way to the shoulder—a fact well known to every school-boy; and it is on this principle that the curling texture of wool enables it to mat itself into the hard compact mass called felt, and that the beaver applied to the surface of the felt is ultimately worked into it.

Neither silk nor hemp has the property of felting; but a most ingenious machine has lately been invented to render those substances available for the bodies of hats. A mould of copper, of the shape of a hat, and pierced all over with very small holes, is placed to fit an aperture, from which the air is partially exhausted, by a contrivance like a winnowing machine. The refuse of silk, or finely-divided hemp-tow, is then sifted over the mould; and the constant current of air through the holes causes the light matter to fix itself on the mould, and in a short time a sufficient quantity is obtained to form the body or ground of a hat. The silk or hemp is afterwards hardened by a resinous varnish.

Felt is applied to various uses besides that of making hats. It is employed for polishing wheels and straps, and for this purpose old hats are often preferred, on account of the black dye;

for, being steeped in an alkaline solution, the iron of the dye is oxidized, and greatly assists in the polishing.

Another very important application of felt is for sheathing ships; and large sheets of felt, dipped in tar, are now commonly put under the copper, or under the plank-sheathing of ships that are not coppered. These sheets are very elastic, and therefore capable of yielding to the working of a crazy vessel; as they are also impervious to water, this method of covering the bottoms of ships has the advantage of frequently preventing leakage, even if the oakum work out of the seams.

The numerous specimens sent by young artists and amateurs, for the premiums offered by the Society, were exhibited in the great room; and though we did not, in a cursory glance, discover many beautiful productions, yet we cannot but commend the exertions of the Society, in thus offering encouragement to juvenile talent. Artists, whose works may hereafter prove the worthy theme of our admiration, thus receive, in early youth, a stimulus to future exertion; and amateurs, on whose judgment depends the patronage of art, are thus tempted to learn, by practice, the studies they are ultimately to encourage. The names of Lawrence, Flaxman, Bacon, Woollett, and many others equally famed, first appeared before the public at the distribution of rewards of this Society.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Geographical Society Nine, P.M. Medical Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Horticultural Society One P.M. Linnean Society Eight P.M. Institution of Civil Engineers, Eight, P.M.
WEDNESDAY,	{ Geological Society } past 8, P.M. Medico-Botanical Society .. Eight, P.M. Royal Society of Literature Three P.M. Society of Arts } past 7, P.M.
THURSDAY,	{ Royal Society } past 8, P.M. Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M. City of London Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione .. Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution } past 8, P.M.
SATURDAY,	{ Royal Asiatic Society Two, P.M. Westminster Medical Society, Eight P.M.

FINE ARTS

The National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages; with Memoirs, by Wm. Jerdan, Esq. Parts 21 and 22. London, 1831. Fisher, Son & Co.

THIS singularly cheap and very beautiful work proceeds with even increased spirit: some of the portraits in the numbers now before us are of extraordinary merit. We are of opinion that twenty years ago five shillings a piece would not have been accounted dear for many of them; and we have here four, including letter-press, for less money. The biographical notices are extremely well written, and contain much original information. Indeed, we know of no work we can more conscientiously recommend to the public.

The Bride's Maid. Parris. J. Bromley, jun. Moon, Boys & Graves.

WE, in our last number, made a mistake in the title we gave to Mr. Leslie's beautiful female portrait, engraved by Thomson. Instead of the 'Bride's Maid,' it should have been the 'Bride.' Mr. Parris has, we suppose for distinction sake, called his the 'Bride's Maid.' We really know not, if beauty be the criterion, which of the two we would have for our 'Bride.' Mr. Parris's reputation has been acquired by his extraordinary panoramic view of London at the Colosseum, and his joint labours with Mr. Daniel, in the panorama of Madras. Nor is it a little merit to descend from these gigantic works to the delightful cabinet subjects with which he at other times favours us. The picture from which

the present engraving was taken, is one of his most beautiful productions, and most delightfully has Mr. Bromley executed his transcription. It is one of the most effective mezzotints we have seen and cannot fail to be a very general favourite.

Many other notices of new works on art we are obliged to defer until next week.

MUSIC

ITALIAN OPERA.—KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, March 5th, Rossini's opera, 'La Cenerentola,' was produced for the *début* of Mrs. Wood (late Miss Paton,) on the Italian boards. To the lovers and patrons of native talent, it was particularly gratifying to find her performance was brilliantly successful—which affords another refutation of the assertion of M. Fétis, that we have no singers or musicians amongst us. The country that produced a Billington and a Braham, we are happy to say, is not declining in its musical taste, and we wish we could prevail upon our *fashionables* to think so. Mrs. Wood, as might be expected, was a little embarrassed on the first night's performance, but, nevertheless, proved herself a singer and musician. Her singing on Tuesday was perfect;—her *mezzo voce* is delicious and wonderfully audible throughout our spacious theatre. Another thing we congratulate her upon—the variety of her ornament. She does not sing the same break-neck run to various or opposed passions, but, with attention to propriety, suits the action of her voice to the word with the true spirit of dramatic vocalism. The part of *Angelina* in this opera is a bad one. We should like to hear Mrs. Wood in some of Mozart's operas, or even in Rossini's *Rosina*, or *Ninetta*. La Blache, as *Dandine*, pleased us mightily. He is a real humorist, and a thorough musician-singer. Signor David we cannot relish. He introduced a cavatina, by Pacini, which he literally sang "to rags." He out-velluted Velluti, and that is saying enough in all conscience. De Begnis dressed, looked, and acted his part admirably. The house was extremely well attended.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Romeo and Juliet: a Duet, sung at the City of London Amateur Concerts; the words selected from Shakspeare, the Music by T. H. Severn. Farn.

Considerable credit is due to this young and rising composer for the genius and fancy displayed in his duet. It is an allegro in E flat for two treble voices, composed upon Shakspeare's admired dialogue between Romeo and Juliet in the Chamber Scene of act the third:

Juliet. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day;

It was the nightingale, and not the lark, &c.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn, &c.

The dispute is treated with excellent ingenuity, and the lark is personified in a flute accompaniment (published in a separate form). The modulations are carried through so many flats and double flats on the fifth page, as to render the performance, we fear, a little difficult to read, and by the medium of some enharmonic changes this difficulty might have been lessened, and the writer have exhibited, in a more showy form, his talent in harmony.

No. I. of a Selection of Sacred Melodies for the Flute and Piano-forte; with appropriate Embellishments. By R. Dressler. Cocks & Co.

FROM the unlimited variety of interesting and useful publications issued for the flute, from the catalogue of Cocks & Co., their magazine must be one of the most complete that can be met with. We now notice the commencing number of a very desirable periodical, which contains a clever arrangement of Kent's admired anthem, 'Hear my Prayer, O God'; and this is to be followed by similar interesting adaptations of the most favourite sacred pieces.

THEATRICALS

DRURY-LANE.

On Saturday last a new farce was brought out at this house called 'Decorum; or, Very Suspicious.' We expected that we should have nothing to say of it, but that it was produced and failed. It appears, however, from a line in the bills, that it was "scotched not killed," that it is "withdrawn for curtailment and alteration," and is to be "again submitted to the decision of the public." The chancellor of the Drury Lane exchequer seems to see no reason why he should not take example by what is now the fashion at "another house," namely, to withdraw, amend, and re-introduce his bill; neither, in this instance, do we. If the piece had had a fair hearing, we should object to such a proceeding; but it had not; and we cannot therefore think but that the motion for a new trial ought to be granted. We shall not attempt to prejudice the minds of the next jury either way, by giving our opinion as to whether greater forbearance on the part of the audience on Saturday would or would not have been ultimately more advantageous to the author. It is enough for all purposes of impartial justice to state, that three-fourths of it was condemned unheard. It began well, and we should have thought that the excellent acting of Mrs. Orger and Mr. Farren would, at least, have served to keep off the storm until towards the conclusion; but no—"Bull" was wild, and when that is the case, stop him who can. It is a practice with us to omit the name of an author when his piece is unsuccessful, because we think it ungrateful to volunteer additional annoyance to those who exert themselves for our amusement. In this instance we shall break the rule, because, as the previous failure will unavoidably excite some prejudice one way, we think it fair that it should be counterbalanced by the very general feeling in favour of a popular poet. It is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Monday last their Majesties honoured this house with their presence. The ceremonies of attendance and reception were as before—the house was crammed in every part, and the public expression of loyal enthusiasm all that could be wished. The performances were 'Cinderella' and the Pantomime. Both went extremely well, and His Majesty in particular appeared much pleased with the exertions of Miss Inverarity. This young lady is evidently improving—she was much and deservedly applauded. We are glad to perceive from the two last visits of their Majesties to the theatres, that the custom of encoring the National Anthem seems by common consent to be dropped. Common consent and common sense here go hand in hand. It is extremely unwise to make any needless addition to the fatigue which their Majesties necessarily undergo, in submitting for the benefit and gratification of others to what must at best be a toilsome pleasure.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

In speaking of the new burletta called 'Bringing Home the Bride,' last week, we seem to have buried a piece that was by no means dead. We certainly considered that its end was marked by all the symptoms of theatrical dissolution, and we heard Mr. Reeve, by a momentary exertion of lungs, make himself partially heard above the storm, while he entreated to be allowed to try "one more journey." It appears from the bills that it continues to be played, and we hear that it goes well. It is as much our business to follow the public voice as to lead it, and we cheerfully recall our funeral oration, requesting that the "baked

meats" may be used for the "bride's" "wedding dinner." We know no theatre that could better afford a failure upon one occasion than the Adelphi. It would only be the "one exception that proved the rule"—and besides, the management professes novelty, and what greater novelty could it offer than a failure? Mr. Moncreiff is the author of this now successful piece.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

On Saturday last another new Burletta was produced here, called 'My Great Aunt, or, Where there's a Will —.' 'My Great Aunt' has a great fortune, and no immediate heir. A great stir among her relations is the natural consequence, each hoping to be selected as "the fortunate youth." In pursuit of this object we are introduced by turns to them all, under the various but appropriate names of *Crawleys*, *Leeches*, and *Glossovers*. The characters are well sketched, but from their number, and the limits necessarily prescribed by a one-act piece, they are all, with the exception of 'My Great Aunt,' mere outlines. Their obsequiousness however shows itself diversely enough in the different forms which each thinks most likely to conduct to the desired end. Legacy-hunting, if it be a crime, is a very slight one, and being so universal, it is lucky that it is so. It calls for no particular punishment, and failure to the undeserving is all the moral required. The author has effected this by making the old lady a good-humoured, kind-hearted, sensible body, who sees through the flimsy covering assumed by her respective relations, and contents herself with laughing at them, and bestowing the bulk of her fortune upon an unassuming young female relative, whom she gives in marriage to the son of her (*mirabile dictu!*) honest attorney. Mrs. Edwin was evidently measured for the part of Mrs. Headley, and it fits her as well as her dress, which is admirable. Much credit is due to Mrs. Knight for the excellent keeping in which she played Mrs. Crawley. The other parts were respectably filled, though there is nothing else to call for particular mention. Mr. Planché is the author, and has been in this instance, as usual, successful.

[We have great pleasure in being able to grace our pages with another very clever paper which appeared in the *Massachusetts Journal*, professedly as a translation from the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*. How the truth may be, we know not, but have a strong suspicion this was not the first time it had crossed the Atlantic.]

TRIBULATIONS OF LORD KITTEPING ON HIS ARRIVAL IN PARIS, JULY 29, 1830.

EVERY one knows the roving propensities of the English. They are, for the most part, so adventurous, that one might mistake them for the descendants of the wandering Jew, of peripatetic memory. Now, their fashion requires that a man should visit Switzerland, Italy, and France, once in his life, as every true believer is expected to make his genuflexion before the tomb of the prophet. Economy also imposes on them an exile of greater or less duration. The English are fully persuaded that one may ruin himself in France at the lowest possible rate.

Lord Kitting, at the age of thirty-two, had wandered over five portions of the world; he had eaten bananas in Brazil—he had seen the interesting reptiles of Africa—had smelt of the roses of Bengal—and enjoyed the flavour of tea in Canton itself. But there was something wanting: he had never seen St. Peter's at Rome, the Cretius of the Alps, nor the pirouettes of our Opera; so that in the saloons of London he passed for no more than half a man. Anxious to become a whole one, he determined to make the fashionable pilgrimage. He embarked, debarked, took a post-chaise, stocked it with pro-

visions, stretched himself out in it, drew the glasses, and went to sleep, in order to see France to advantage, and never woke till he reached Paris. The carriage stopped at the hotel. My Lord believes his journey at an end; he looks about him—what does he see?—an inveterate throng surrounding his carriage, and ordering him to get out. My Lord understands not a word, but keeps his post. "He is obstinate! (shout a thousand voices)—he will not get out!— overturn the carriage then, and set it there—it will make the better barricade!"—and they proceeded in earnest to the business. My Lord, who was perfectly at home in the Burman language, the Arabic, Turkish, Syriac, and Monomatapan, and spoke the Chinese as fluently as Remurat, unluckily did not know a syllable of French. Finding himself overset, he hallooed, he swore, he stormed—but all in vain: the carriage describes one-fourth of a circle, and tumbles on its side. Happily for my Lord, the provisions break his fall. His head goes plump into a liver-pie, where it sticks as firmly as in a voltigeur's cap. It was without injury, but with this strange accoutrement, that he at last escapes from the carriage as one gets out of a chimney. "—," cries he, in English, or in Monomatapan, I do not know which, "is this the mode of welcoming strangers in France? If one may judge from this specimen, this is a very original people."

The crowd surround him, and express their regret; but at such a time it is impossible to waste many minutes in politeness—they merely ask him, "are you hurt? No, silence gives assent. He is not hurt. He is an Englishman. Vivent les Anglais! They are friends of liberty! They are fighting with us. This man has come over expressly for the purpose of aiding us—there is not a doubt of it. Allons, give him a crow-bar! he will help us to make the barricade. Vivent les Anglais!"

So saying, they provided him with an iron bar, long and very heavy. My Lord, not understanding the purpose of it, rejected it at first, crying, all red with wrath, "—, what an original people!" But a sign was given him to tear up the pavements, and, *nolens volens*, to work he went, tearing up in his rage twice as much as any body else. His reflections at this moment were very curious. Parbleu! thought he, what an original people, to receive strangers in this way!—not even to give them time to get out of their carriage, or eat a beef-steak! Certainly it is well that every country should have its own customs: it gives an agreeable variety to the human race. I like to see people original but this, in faith, is going a little too far.

Having completed his barricade, my Lord is about to retire. "To the next! to the next!" is the general cry, and my Lord is borne in triumph to the other end of the street, amidst shouts of "Vivent les Anglais!"

My Lord, being not very sensible to these marks of gratitude, of which he did not understand a syllable, began to scold most cordially. "Never did I see such a devil of a people—and yet I have seen some odd ones: I have seen the Esquimaux, the Monomatapans, the Hottentots, but none that came near resembling these! What fury possesses them to unpave all their streets, and to set strangers to work in this way? A very original people!"

The second barricade being completed, a third is to be constructed, then a fourth, and then a fifth, then —, but no, the sixth is only in contemplation. My Lord could contain himself no longer, he began to lose all patience, already he has lifted his bar, no longer to unpave the street, but to establish around him a *cordon sanitaire*, when a discharge of musquetry disperses the crowd, and leaves him at liberty to move at his discretion. He regains the street where his car-

riage was lying, enters the hotel where he was directed, without strength to utter more than, "— give me something to eat, if you ever do eat in this infernal country. A very original people!" The host took occasion to explain what had occurred. At every word the face of my Lord assumed a different expression. Wrath gave place to surprise, and surprise to enthusiasm. "I understand. I understand!" at length he cries; "'Tis for liberty! a great nation! sublime but not original! I am not hungry. I mean to assist them." My Lord seized his iron bar, sallies forth, and his head being full of barricades, tears up the pavement, and piles up the stones before his hotel. Vainly does his host interfere: my Lord is angry and threatens to put him in the barricade. And in the twinkling of an eye, stops up the door so hermetically, that nobody can get in but by the window.

Then, my Lord runs through the streets, in defiance of musket-shot and grape, brandishing his iron bar and shouting—"Long live the French! Sublime nation, and not original!" leaving everywhere great piles of paving stones. You would have said, that it was a hurricane sweeping by, and lifting up the whirlwinds of dust.

Already was the tricolor standard displayed on the mutilated front of the Louvre: already had the capital made a final effort to drive the sinking dynasty as far as St. Cloud, as one rids himself of a heavy burden: already had the barricades become useless, and new ones been erected by my Lord. In his noble enthusiasm for our regeneration, he would in the end, I think, have unpaved his chamber and demolished his bed, if, near the Place Louis XV. at the moment when the mercenaries of Charles X. were flying, he had not met one of his countrymen, who, like him, was fighting for our liberty, and for the liberty of the world. This personage was mounted in the costume of a *flâneur*: yellow gloves, silk waistcoat, white pantaloons. He was armed with a double-barrelled musket, richly ornamented. Impassable in the midst of the crowd which he overlooked, he rammed down his cartridge with a gravity altogether English; then took aim deliberately; then fired: then, raising his eye-glass, looked to see if he had hit his mark, and according to the result, shook his head or moved it gently in token of satisfaction.

From him my Lord Kittinging learned that despotism was near its end. In fact, the artillery of the guard were firing their last round. The shot had resounded against the front of the Tuileries, and then there followed nothing but shouts of triumph.

"Vive la liberté!" cried the two Englishmen, shaking hands together: "Long live the French!" "It is a great nation," added one, "and not original," replied the other.

And we, what shall we say to the brave English?—Thanks, gentlemen! You have fought for us; we will have our revenge.

As for Lord Kittinging, having once rid himself of his habitual phlegm, he was so delighted with this tumultuous life, that when there were no more barricades to make, he was desperately ennuyé; till he heard of the occurrences at Brussels.

Three days afterwards, he and his bar were on the spot. From thence, he told me at parting, he should go to Turin: from Turin to Milan, from Milan to Venice, from Venice to Rome, from Rome to Naples, from Naples to Madrid, from Madrid to Lisbon, from Lisbon to London, where his new talent might sooner or later come into requisition.

Glorious traveller! may he finish his work promptly! And with the promise to return amongst us, always with his iron bar, if here —

MISCELLANEA

A new paper is about to be established at Dijon, to be called 'Le Patriote de la Côte d'Or.' It has for its motto, *Un trône populaire entouré d'institutions républicaines.*

A new daily paper has just been started at Dublin; it is called the 'Dublin Times.'

A paragraph is going the round of the papers stating that, not long since, a Spanish nobleman was sentenced to imprisonment for one hundred years and a day. It is a curious fact, that Francisco Salazar, a native of Galicia, born in 1660, was, at the age of nineteen, sentenced to transportation for the same term; he was accordingly conveyed to Ceuta, in Africa, where he continued to reside until 1786, having outlived his sentence five years.

It is not perhaps generally known, that paper money was used in China as early as the fourteenth century, when Marco Paulo visited that country.

The French journals are now permitted to be received in Spain.

The French *Globe* states, that there were found in the library of the Archbishop of Paris complete sets of the works of Rousseau and Voltaire, and a collection of the engravings after Aretin.

Lady Morgan's 'France in 1829-30,' Sir Walter Scott on 'Demonology,' 'De L'Orme,' and 'Southennan,' are among the latest reprints in America.

Progress of Civilization.—The son of the celebrated Indian chief, John Brandt, of whom the curious anecdote was told in the *Athenæum*, No. 149, has been chosen one of the deputies for the province of Upper Canada.

Rome.—The Romans, it appears, are delighted with the revolution in Poland; and Pasquin has been flourishing away to the astonishment and alarm of the authorities.

We have received a most flaming report of a forthcoming work of art, of which, as we know nothing ourselves, we think it better to present the account transmitted to us:—"This extraordinary instance of native talent is exhibited in the composition of a vase of elaborately cut glass, colossal in its dimensions, highly decorated with a profusion of tasteful ornaments, and possessing all the peculiar beauty and character of enamel, but with a harmonized brilliancy of colouring, and magnificence of effect, to which no production of that art ever yet attained. This stupendous vase is so nearly completed, that we understand the artist confidently proposes to exhibit it in the metropolis early in April next."

The President of Greece is, it is reported, about to transmit to France some fragments of the celebrated bas-reliefs which decorated the Temple of Jupiter at Olympia.

We learn from the French papers that Rossini has gone to Spain.

A new bridge, of one single arch, is about to be constructed over the Dora, at Turin. Its length will be 150 feet, its height only 18, and it is to be built of granite.

It has been decided that M. Abel de Pujol's celebrated picture, 'The Opening of the Bourse by the ex-king Charles, shall be removed, and replaced by another work of the same artist, who is permitted to select his own subject.

It is reported that M. Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas have offered to take on themselves the whole risk and responsibility of the *Théâtre Français*.

M. Michaud Callier and Stamaly have lately visited Lydia, Mysia, Bythinia, and Phrygia, and are understood to have taken many valuable astronomical observations, and to have collected many geological facts of great interest, which will hereafter be made public.

M. J. B. Poirson, the fellow labourer of Malte-Brun and Humboldt, died lately at the age of seventy.

The new magazine, the *Englishman*, which is to appear on the 31st of March, is under the joint-editorship of Mr. Leitch Ritchie and Mr. Kennedy, both men of admitted talent.

A short Parliament.—The shortest parliament on record was that of 1399, which had but one session of a single day, and during that short space they contrived to upset one king and set up another.

The Elective Franchise.—An important change was made in the qualification of electors for counties in the year 1429. Before that period freeholders of every grade had a right to vote; but this brought together such vast bodies at the county elections, that riots and murders were the consequence. To remedy this, the qualification was then fixed at forty shillings.

In 1468, according to Stow, the now opulent shires of Essex and Hertford were so bare of substantial inhabitants, that the sheriff could only find two towns in the former (Colchester and Maldon), and not one in the latter, which were able to send burgesses; of course the expense then lay on the electors.

We have just seen the very interesting little *Albion* lately presented to her Majesty. She is eleven years of age, and a lively and seemingly intelligent child. Her hair is beautifully soft, her eyes a very delicate pink, and we understand rather weak. She is at present residing at 17, Little Newport Street, and we have no doubt that any respectable medical man will be permitted to see her.

An *Aurora Borealis* has been seen at Madrid, and is said to have excited great surprise.

North American Review.—We have just received the number for January. It contains a learned and ably-written paper on Statuary, a highly complimentary article on Milman's History of the Jews, an interesting article on Graham's History of the United States, and a clever essay on the character of Madame de Genlis, a review of 'Clarence,' with some three or four ponderous articles, in the Edinburgh Review style, on Political Economy, and a learned one on the somewhat worn out subject of Hieroglyphics. We have only read such as we have reported on, but enough to pronounce it a very excellent number.

Canada.—The emigrants from the United Kingdom, in 1830, were more than 27,000: from Ireland, 17,596; England, 6895; Scotland, 2600; and Wales, 204.

News from Paris.—The Court of Holyrood have determined to publish a paper in London, to be called 'The Legitimate.'—*Le Globe*.

"There is much at Gibraltar to convey an exalted idea of British power. Here is a nation which occupies a mere point upon the map of the world, raised by a concurrence of causes to the rank of a first-rate power, and occupying all the strong-holds of the ocean, by the multiplied industry of an inconsiderable population, buying the alliance of greater nations, making war and peace at pleasure, and sitting at the helm of European policy. Nor is her greatness only physical: her Newton, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and Byron, stand alone and unrivalled in the world at the head of whatever is excellent. It is a proud thing to be able to claim a common origin with this singular people: and when we revert to our own country, where a kinder nature seconds all our efforts, and where a boundless territory leaves unlimited room for development; when we remember that we have adopted all the beauties of that social system under which Britain has prospered without any of its deformities; and then, with her experience and our own as data, attempt to picture the future fortunes of our country, the fancy is amazed and bewildered at the splendour of the vision."—*Year in Spain, by a Young Nobleman.*

M. Aguado has been placed at the head of a company, who propose to complete the celebrated canal of Castille; of which only one third at present is executed. This canal approaches within eight leagues of Madrid, and will be united to the sea at Santander. The chief benefit which will be derived from the completion of this work, is the opening a channel for the transport of the corn of Castille, which is styled the granary of Spain. The Spanish government surrenders all its right in the works already completed for 100 years; and gives the labour of 400 galley slaves. There have been at least twenty attempts by the government to perfect this important work—and let us hope for success from the trading ability of M. Aguado.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—A Print of the Private Sitting-Room of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, from a Drawing by Mr. C. Moore.

Just published.—Dunbar and Barker's Greek and English, and English and Greek Lexicon, 8vo. 12. 5s. Bland's Hexameters, 9th edit. 12mo. 3s. The Orientalist, or Letters of a Rabbi, with Notes by James Noble, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Scott's Church History, Vol. 3, 8vo. 12s.—The Test of Truth, 8vo. 3s.—Sturm's Comments, Vols. 19 and 20, 10s.—Lucas Carey, an Historical Tale, 4 vols. 12mo. 12. 2s.—Louis, or the Cottage on the Moor, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.—Hebrew and English Polyglot Bible, 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.—Hebrew and Greek Polyglot Bible, 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.—English New Testament, 6mo. six coloured Maps, 5s.—Oxford, a Poem, by R. Montgomery, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Tour of the Holy Land, by the Rev. R. Morehead, 3s. 6d.—Stewart's Edition of Mair's Syntax, 18mo. 2s.—Jukes on Lavements in Indigestion and Costiveness, 5s.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vols. 1 and 2, 2nd edit. 10s.—Richmond's Annals, royal 32mo. 3s. 6d.—The Freighter, Vol. 1, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Faith in Christ, &c., 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Snowden's Moorish Queen, 8vo. 6s.—Smith on Chimneys, 8vo. 4s.—Lloyd on Light and Vision, 8vo. 13s.—Curtis's Treatise on the Ear, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Heath's Illustrations to Waverley, 3s. 6d.—Maittaire's Greek Dialects, by the Rev. J. Senger, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Correspondence of the Right Honourable Sir J. Sinclair, 2 vols. 8vo. 14. 8s.—Beechley's Voyage to the Pacific, 2 vols. 4to. 44. 4s.—Bishop Mant's Scriptural Narratives, forming a 2nd Volume of the Biographical Notices, 8vo. 13s.—Parsing Lessons to Homer's Iliad, on Locke's System, 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Darby's Popular Geometry, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Byzantium and other Poems, by B. A. Marshall, post 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Sunday School Memorials, 18mo. 3s.—Pinnock's Goldsmith's England, 12mo. 6s.—Pinnock's History of Rome, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Buffon's Natural History, 4 vols. royal 18mo. 14. 4s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom.		Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.	
	Max.	Min.	Noon.			
Th.	3	57	37	29.45	S.W.	Rain.
Fr.	4	56	42	29.55	Var.	Cloudy.
Sat.	5	54	48	Stat.	S.W.	Rain P.M.
Sun.	6	54	43	28.80	S.W. to N.W.	Ditto.
Mon.	7	52	30	29.40	N.W.	Rain A.M.
Tues.	8	58	35	29.34	S.	Rain P.M.
Wed.	9	59	33	Stat.	S.W.	Clear.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus, Cumulus.
Nights and mornings, for the greater part, fair.
Mean temperature of the week, 43.5°.

Astronomical Observations.

Moon in apogee on Saturday, at 7h. A.M.
Mercury stationary on Monday.
Venus's geocentric long. on Wed. 6° 57' in Pisces.
Saturn's — — — 26° 52' in Leo.
Sun's — — — 18° 12' in Pisces.
Length of day on Wed. 11h. 22m.; increased, 38.3m.
Sun's horary motion 2° 29'. Logarithmic number of distance on Monday, 9.90604.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

G. A., who names the writer on the Fine Arts in this paper, and who cannot be mistaken, as he had it from his own lips, is mistaken. So much for authority! His suggestions, therefore, fall to the ground.—D. I. N. is equally assured on another point, and just so far as the thing would be objectionable;—he is equally in error. A hundred reports of this nature reach us, to all which it would be idle to publish a contradiction. We have one Correspondent who perseveres in his endeavour to persuade the Editor out of his identity, and has, indeed, so many reasons and authorities, that our faith is at times shaken.

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